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A Drama in Five Acts

**By HENRY ARTHUR JONES and
HENRY HERMAN**



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THE SILVER KING

A DRAMA IN FIVE ACTS

BY
HENRY ARTHUR JONES
AND
HENRY HERMAN

I held it truth with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones.
That man may rise on stepping stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.

But who shall so forecast the years
And find in loss a gain to match,
And reach a hand through time to catch
The far off interest of tears?

TENNYSON: "In Memoriam."

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PERSONS REPRESENTED.

WILFRED DENVER.	
CAPTAIN HERBERT SKINNER,	Known as "The Spider."
HARRY CORKETT,	Clerk to Geoffrey Ware.
ELIAH COOMBE,	A receiver of stolen goods.
CRIPPS,	A locksmith.
DANIEL JAIKES,	An old servant in the Denver family.
SAM BAXTER,	A detective.
GEOFFREY WARE,	An engineer.
TUBBS,	Landlord of the "Wheat-sheaf."
BINKS,	} Tradesmen.
BROWNSON,	
PARKYN,	
FRANK SELWYN,	
GAFFER POTTLE.	
LEAKER,	A porter.
NELLY DENVER,	Denver's wife.
OLIVE,	Skinner's wife.
TABITHA DURDEN.	
SUSY,	The waitress at the "Chequers."
CISSY DENVER, }	Nelly's children.
NED DENVER, }	
MRS. GAMMAGE.	
RAILWAY INSPECTOR, PASSENGERS, CLERKS, RUSTICS, CHILDREN, TRADESMEN, DETECTIVES. SERVANTS, ETC.	

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*The following is a copy of the playbill of the first performance
of the "Silver King," at the Princess's Theatre, London :*

ON THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 16TH, 1882, AND FOLLOWING EVENINGS

will be acted an entirely New and Original Drama. entitled

THE SILVER KING

WRITTEN BY

HENRY A. JONES AND HENRY HERMAN.

Produced under the sole direction of Mr. Wilson Barrett.

WILFEED DENVER.....Mr. Wilson Barrett.
NELLIE DENVER, his Wife.....Miss Eastlake.
CISSY AND NED, their children....Misses M. Clitherow and C.
Burton.
DANIEL JAIKES, their Servant....Mr. George Barrett.
FRANK SELWYN, Private Secretary
to Mr. John Franklin.....Mr. Neville Doone.
GEOFFREY WARE, an Engineer...Mr. Brian Darley.
SAMUEL BAXTER, a Detective.....Mr. Walter Speakman.
CAPT. HERBERT SKINNER, known
as "The Spider".....Mr. E. S. Willard.
HENRY CORKETT, Geoffrey Ware's
Clerk.....Mr. Chas. Coote.
ELIAH COOMBE, a Marine Store
Dealer.....Mr. Clifford Cooper.
CRIPPS, a Locksmith.....Mr. Frank Huntley.
MR. PARKYN, Parish Clerk of Gad-
desden.....Mr. J. Beauchamp.
MESSRS. BINKS AND BROWNSON, Messrs. H. Deane & Charl-
Tradesmen.....ford.
BILCHER AND TEDDY, Betting Men, Messrs. Warin & C. Gurth.
TUBBS, Landlord of the "Wheat-
sheaf".....Mr. H. de Solla.
GAFFER POTTLE.....Mr. J. B. Johnstone.

THE SILVER KING

CABMAN.....	Mr. H. Evans.
LEAKER, a Porter.....	Mr. W. A. Elliott.
SERVANTS.....	Messrs. C. Crofton & Coles.
DETECTIVES.....	Messrs. Polhill & Bland.
PORTER, Mr. Carson Newsboy,....	Mr. Besley.
OLIVE SKINNER, Capt. Skinner's Wife.....	Miss Dora Vivian.
TABITHA DURDEN....	Mrs. Huntley.
SUSY, Waitress at the "Chequers"	Miss Woodworth.
MRS. GAMMAGE.....	Mrs. Beckett.
LADY PASSENGER.....	Miss Nellie Palmer.
SCHOOLGIRLS.....	Misses J. & F. Beckett.
Railway Officials, Clerks, Children, Passengers.	

SYNOPSIS OF SCENERY.

ACT I.

- SCENE. I. The Skittle Alley of "The Wheatsheaf," Clerkenwell.
- SCENE. II. Clerkenwell Close.
- SCENE. III. 114 Hatton Garden.

ACT II.

- SCENE. I. Room in Denver's House.
- SCENE. II. A London Railway Station.
- SCENE. III. A Country Lane.
- SCENE. IV. "The Chequers," Gaddesden.
- SCENE. V. Room in "The Chequers."

ACT III.

- SCENE. I. Skinner's Villa, near Bromley.
- SCENE. II. Nellie Denver's Home (Winter).

ACT IV.

- SCENE. I. Library at the Lawn, Kensington Park Gardens.
- SCENE. II. The Grange, Gardenhurst.
- SCENE. III. Outside Black Brake Wharf at Rotherhithe.
- SCENE. IV. Black Brake Wharf, Rotherhithe.

ACT V.

- SCENE. I. Reception Room at the Lawn.
- SCENE. II. Skinner's Villa.
- SCENE. III. The Grange.

Three Years and Six Months elapse between Acts 2 and 3.
Six Months elapse between Acts 3 and 4.

*The following is a copy of the playbill of the first performance
of the "Silver King," at Wallack's Theatre, New York.*

ON SATURDAY EVENING, JANUARY 27TH, 1883

FIRST NIGHT

After Months of Careful Preparation of an Entirely

New and Original Drama

ENTITLED

THE SILVER KING

WRITTEN BY

MESSRS. HENRY A. JONES AND HENRY HERMAN

As produced at the PRINCESS THEATRE, London, under direction of

MR. WILSON BARRETT,

and here by his representative,

MR. CHARLES CATHCART.

THE SCENERY BY MR. R. MARSTON

(By the courteous permission of Mr. A. M. Palmer, of the Union Square Theatre)

MR. P. GOATCHER AND MR. J. MAZZANOVICH,

The Overture and Incidental Music by..... Mr. Michael Connelly.
Mechanical Effects by..... Mr. F. Dorrington.
Appointments and Furniture by..... Mr. E. Siedle.
Gas and Calcium Effects by..... Mr. J. F. Driscoll.

I held it truth, with him who sings
On one clear harp of divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.

—TENNYSON.

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WILFRED DENVER.....	Mr. Osmond Tearle.
His First Appearance this Season.	
NELLIE DENVER, his wife.....	Miss Rose Coghlan.
CISSY { their children }	Miss Carrie Elberts.
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DANIEL JAIKES, an old servant of the Denver family.....	Mr. John Gilbert.
CAPT. HERBERT SKINNER, known as "The Spider,"	Mr. Herbert Kelcey.
SAM BAXTER, a Detective.....	Mr. C. P. Flockton.
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FRANK SELWYN.....	Mr. J. C. Buckstone.
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PARKYN, Parish Clerk at Gaddes- den.....	Mr. C. E. Edwin.
BILCHER.....	Mr. Charles Foster.
TUBBS, Landlord of "The Wheat- sheaf "	Mr. John Germon.
GAFFER POTTLE.....	Mr. H. Meeker.
LEAKER, a Porter.....	Mr. W. Butler.
TEDDY.....	Mr. H. Pearson.
INSPECTOR.....	Mr. F. N. Salter.
PORTER.....	Mr. S. Dubois.
BINKS { Tradesmen }	J. Gibson.
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TABITHA DURDEN.....	Miss E. Blaisdell.
SUSY, Waitress at "The Chequers,"	Miss Marion Booth.
MRS. GAMMAGE.....	Mrs. J. Elberts.
Railway officials, Children, Passengers, Detectives, etc.	

SYNOPSIS OF SCENERY.

ACT I.

- SCENE. I. Skittle Alley of "The Wheat-sheaf," Clerkenwell.....J. Mazzanovich.
SCENE. II. Clerkenwell Close.....J. Mazzanovich.
SCENE. III. 114 Hatton Gardens.....J. Mazzanovich.

ACT II.

- SCENE. I. Room in Denver's House.....P. Goatcher.
SCENE. II. London Railway Station.J. Mazzanovich.
SCENE. III. A Country Lane.....J. Mazzanovich.
SCENE. IV. "The Chequers," Gaddesden.....J. Mazzanovich.
SCENE. V. Room in "The Chequers".....J. Mazzanovich.

Three Years and Six Months Elapse.

ACT III.

- SCENE. I. Skinner's Villa.....R. Marston.
SCENE. II. Nellie Denver's Home.....R. Marston.
Six Months Elapse.

ACT IV.

- SCENE. I. Library at The Lawn, Kensington Park
GardensP. Goatcher.
SCENE. II. The Grange, Gardenhurst.....P. Goatcher.
SCENE. III. Outside Black Brake Wharf at Rother-
hithe.....P. Goatcher.
SCENE. IV. Black Brake Wharf.....P. Goatcher.

ACT V.

- SCENE. I. Reception Room at The Lawn.....P. Goatcher.
SCENE. II. Skinner's Villa.....R. Marston.
SCENE. III. The Grange.....P. Goatcher.

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ACT I.¹

¹ *Music takes
curtain up.*

SCENE:—*The Skittle Alley at the "Wheatshcaf"
Clerkenwell.*

(*Discover—TUBBS, TEDDY, BILCHER and drinkers.
BILCHER is in the midst of an excited narrative,
the others are grouped round him at bar.*²)

² *Lights up.
Full.*

BILCHER.

And they kept like that, neck and neck the three
of 'em till just as they were turning the corner
drawing in home, and then Marcher put on a bit of
a spurt, and by Jove, Blue Ribbon shot ahead like a
flash of greased lightning and won by a short head.
Never saw such a pretty finish in my life!

(*Enter WARE.*³)

³ *Gate R. U. E.
He comes to
Bilcher. They
go down L. C.*

WARE.

(*To BILCHER.*) Well, what about Denver?

BILCHER.

(*To WARE.*) Doubled up this time and no mis-
take. Went a smasher on Patacake and lost every-
thing—owes me a hundred and fifty pounds besides.

WARE.

Ah! (*Aside.*) It has come at last then. (*To
BILCHER.*) You're sure you've cleaned him out?

BILCHER.

Oh yes, me and Braggins between us. Much
obliged to you for introducing him to us.

WARE.

How did he take it?

BILCHER.

Oh, tried to laugh and joke it off. He's as drunk as a fiddler; he was pretty mellow when we started this morning, and we've kept him well doctored up all day.

WARE.

That's right. Keep him at it. Where is he?

BILCHER.

We left him drinking at the bar at Waterloo Station; but he's promised to turn up here.

WARE.

¹ *Belcher returns to bar.*

I'll run in and have a look at him by and by.¹ (*Going, aside.*) Ruined! Now, Nellie Hathaway, I think I'll show you that you made a slight mistake when you threw me over and married Wilfred Denver.

² *Gate R. U. E.*

(*Exit WARE.*²)

³ *Behind bar.*

TUBBS.³

So poor young Denver came a cropper to-day?

BILCHER.

Yes.

TUBBS.

Poor fellow! I'm sorry for him. He's a downright good-hearted, jolly young fellow, Mr. Denver is.

TEDDY.

So he is, Tubbs, when he's sober.

BILCHER.

⁴ *Music cue.*

And that ain't been the last six months—'Tubbs takes care of that.

(Enter JAIKES¹ as if looking round for somebody.)

¹ Gate R. U. B.

TUBBS.

(In low voice to drinkers at bar.) Look! There's Mr. Denver's old servant—he's come to look after his master.

JAIKES.

What cheer, Mr. Tubbs?

TUBBS.²

You must give him a little extry time to-night. There's a good many public houses between Epsom and here.

² Teddy hands
Jaikes stool
which Jaikes
sits upon, c.

JAIKES.

Ah, but he'll be home early to-night; he promised the missis he would; and I want to ketch him and pop him off to bed quiet afore she sets eyes on him, d'ye see?

TUBBS.

Ah, I shouldn't wonder if he's a bit fresh, eh?

JAIKES.

Anybody might happen to get a bit fresh on Derby Day, you know.

TUBBS.

He's been going it a pretty pace lately, ain't he?

JAIKES.

Well, he's a bit wild, but there ain't no harm in him. Bless you, it's the blood; he's got too much nature in him, that's where it is. His father was just like him when he was a young man. Larking, hunting, drinking, fighting, steeple-chasing—any mortal spree under the sun, out all night, and as fresh as a daisy in the morning! And his grandfather, old Squire Denver, just such another. There was a man for you if you like. The last ten years of his life he never went to bed sober one night. Yes, he did one night, when the groom locked him in the stable by mistake, and then he was ill for months afterwards.³

³ All laugh.

TEDDY.

Oh, he could take his lotion pretty reg'lar, eh?

JAIKES.

I believe you. Well, when I was a dozen years younger, I could take my whack, and a tidy whack it was too, but, bless you, I wasn't in it with old Squire Denver, and Master Will's a chip of the old block. He'll make a man yet.¹

¹ Music cue.

BILCHER.

He'll make a madman if he doesn't leave off drinking.

JAIKES.

You let him be! He's all right—Master Will's all right!

² R. D. E.

(DENVER *rolls in gate*.²)

DENVER.

(*Very drunk.*) Yes, I'm all right—I'm all right! I'm 's drunk as a fool, and I've lost every cursed ha'penny I've got in the world. I'm all right!³

³ Goes to table R.

TUBBS.

What, backed the wrong horse, Mr. Denver?

DENVER.

No, Tubbs, no, I backed the right horse, and then the wrong horse went and won.⁴

⁴ Sits.

TEDDY.

That's a pity!

DENVER.

Not a bit of it. I've lost, you've won—if there were no fools like me in the world, what would become of the poor rogues?

BILCHER.

Well, you seem pretty merry over it.

DENVER.¹

Yes, Bilcher. I've lost my money to-day and to-morrow I shall lose your acquaintance. I'm quite satisfied with the bargain.

JAIKES.

What? Bad luck again, Master Will?²

DENVER.

The devil's own luck, Jaikes. I put everything on Patacake, and I'm ruined, Jaikes.

JAIKES.

No, Master Will, don't say that!

DENVER.

Well, say stumped, cleaned out, licked into a cocked hat. Bilcher,³ I owe you a hundred and fifty pounds.

BILCHER.

Yes, and I should like to know how I'm to be paid.

DENVER.

So should I, Bilcher!

BILCHER.

Why didn't you take my advice? I told you that blackguard Braggins was doing you.

DENVER.

Yes, and Braggins told me the same about you. Come, Bilcher, don't be greedy⁴—you've had a good picking out of me, let the other blackguards have their turn.

BILCHER.

I wash my hands of you.

DENVER.

Very well, Bilcher, they won't be any the worse for a good wash.⁵

¹ *Teddy replaces stool at bar.*

² *Goes to Denver.*

³ *Belcher drops down L. C.*

⁴ *Rising and going centre.*

⁵ *Returns to table R.*

¹ R. C.JAIKES.¹

Come Master Will, you'd better come home.

DENVER.

Home! What should I go home for? To show my poor wife what a drunken brute she's got for a husband? To show my innocent children what an object they've got for a father? No, I won't go home, I've got no home. I've drunk it up.

JAIKES.

For mercy's sake, Master Will, don't talk like that!

DENVER. (*Furiously.*)

Get home with you!

² Crosses R.JAIKES.²

Yes I'll go home!

DENVER.

(*Drops his voice.*) Jaikes, don't let her come here and find me like this—tell her I haven't come back—tell her I'm not to be found—tell her any lie that comes handiest, but don't let her see me. Be off now, be off!³

³ R. table.

JAIKES.

(*Going.*) Poor Master Will! Ruined! What'll become of poor Missus and the dear little 'uns?

(*Exit.*⁴)⁴ R. E.(*BAXTER has entered.*⁵)⁵ R. U. E.DENVER.⁶⁶ Seated at table
R.

(*Takes out revolver.*) There's always one way out of it. If it wasn't such a coward's trick I'd do it.

BAXTER.

(*In a low voice to DENVER.*) If you don't know what to do with that, I'll take care of it for you.

DENVER.

(*Putting revolver in pocket again.*) Thank you, I do know what to do with it, much obliged for your advice. (*Aside.*) I may want it, to-night.¹

¹ *Goes to counter.*

(BAXTER looks after him, shrugs his shoulders, goes to table and picks up newspaper. COOMBE enters directly after BAXTER. Enter HENRY CORKETT,² a young cockney clerk, flushed, swaggering, cigar in mouth, hat on one side.)

² *Gate R. U. R. Goes straight to bar.*

CORKETT.

(*With patronising wave of hand to TUBBS.*) Ha, Tubbs, how do?

TUBBS.

How do, 'Arry?

CORKETT.

'Enery Corkett, Esquire, from you, Tubbs, if you please. What do you think of that, Tubbs, eh? (*Flourishing a roll of bank notes.*) Backed "Blue Ribbon" for a win and a place, and landed five hundred pounds. Look there! (*Flourishing notes.*)

DENVER.

Biggest fools, best luck!

CORKETT.

(*Turning round angrily.*) What did you say?

DENVER.

I said I wished I'd got no brains, because then I could make money at horse racing.

CORKETT.

Oh, it's you, is it, Mr. Denver? I've seen you at my guv'nor's place in Hatton Garden. You know me. My name's Corkett—I'm Mr. Ware's clerk.

COOMBE.³

(*Aside.*) Mr. Ware's clerk!

³ *Seated at table R.*

DENVER.

(*After staring at him a moment.*) No, beg pardon, but I don't know you.

¹ Centre.BAXTER.¹

(*Aside, seeing COOMBE.*) Mr. Eliah Coombe! Any little game on to-night, I wonder? A glass of bitter.

² At bar.CORKETT.²

Bitter be blowed! Have some champagne. Tubbs, it's my shout. Champagne for everybody.

COOMBE.

(*Aside, watching CORKETT.*) Mr. Ware's clerk. If I could get hold of him it would make our little job easy to-night. (*Rises and goes up to Skittle Alley with drink.*)

CORKETT.

Come, gentlemen all, drink my health!

DENVER.

Certainly! (*Raising his glass.*) Here's to the health of the beggars that win—put them on horse-back and let them ride to the devil!³

³ R. Goes to table R. and sits.TUBBS.⁴⁴ Corkett goes towards Denver but is held back by others.

(*To CORKETT.*) Don't take any notice of him. He's been hard hit at the Derby to-day.

CORKETT.

Look here, gentlemen, I'm fly! Hang the expense!⁵

⁵ Returns to bar.

BAXTER.

You young ass, put those notes in your pocket and go home to bed.⁶

⁶ Gets to table L. and sits.

CORKETT.

⁷ Goes to head of table L.

(*Turns sharply around.*) Shan't! Who are you? Can you show as much money as that? No! Then you shut up and take a back seat. I've won my money

fair and honest and I shall spend it how I like. Hang it, I shall light my pipe with it if I like. Give me a cigar, Tubbs.

(TUBBS gives him cigar. CORKETT strikes match.)

(To BAXTER.) There! That's a five pound note. (*Lights the note with match and then lights cigar with note*) There, that'll show you what I'm made of? I'm a gentleman, I am. Money ain't no object to me.¹

¹ Returns to bar.

DENVER.

(*Aside.*) That fool with five hundred pounds, and to-morrow my wife and children will be starving. (To CORKETT.) Look here, you! You've got more money than you know what to do with, I'll have you at any game you like—for any stake.

CORKETT.²

² Going L. C.

I don't want your money.

DENVER.

But I want yours! If you've got the pluck of a rabbit, stake it, win or lose.

CORKETT.

Very well, what shall it be?

DENVER.³

³ Rises and goes C.

Cards—Billiards, I don't care.

CORKETT.

Fifty up then—I'm ready!

DENVER.

Come on, then. Hang it all, my luck must change! It shall change! I will win or the devil's in it!⁴ (*Exit.*⁵)

⁴ L. 2 E.

CORKETT.

⁵ Music cue.

Come on, gentlemen, and see the fun!
(*Exit, followed by several of the drinkers, leaving only one or two at bar.*)

COOMBE.

• *Music cue.**(Aside.)* The Spider at last!⁰*(Enter SKINNER R. U. E. Very well dressed. Light summer overcoat and faultless evening dress.)*

BAXTER.

(Aside.) The Spider and Coombe. There's some big game on to-night.

SKINNER.

¹ *L. table, and sits.**(Glancing round.)* Baxter the detective! The deuce! *(Goes to him.)*¹ Anything fresh in the paper?

BAXTER.

Blue Ribbon pulled it off to-day.

SKINNER.

Ah, I don't bet.

BAXTER.

They've caught the man who committed the jewel robbery at Lady Fairford's. *(Giving him paper and indicating paragraph.)* It may interest you, it seems he was quite a swell, as well dressed as you are!

SKINNER.

Was he? The check of these fellows!

BAXTER.

You're right—they are cheeky! *(Looks straight at SKINNER for some moments.)**(SKINNER'S face remains perfectly impassive.)*² *Rises and goes to bar.**(Aside.)* A cucumber isn't in it with him.²COOMBE.³³ *Has got up and crept down c. gets R. of Skinner.**(To SKINNER.)* My dear boy, I'm so glad you've come.

SKINNER.

(In a low voice without taking his eyes off the

paper.) If you accost me again in a public place, I'll wring your neck for you, you old weasel!

COOMBE.¹

My dear boy, business is business, and it's a big fortune for us all—a sackful of diamonds in Hatton Garden—no risk—no danger, all as safe and easy as saying your prayers.

SKINNER.

How do we get in?

COOMBE.

Cut through the wall of the next house. There's a young chap playing billiards inside—

SKINNER.

Will you hold your infernal cackle? Don't you see that man watching us?² It's Baxter the detective.

COOMBE.

(Alarmed.) Baxter the detective?

SKINNER.

Yes, you fool, don't look at him. He means to follow me up. I'll throw him off the scent directly.

*(Re-enter CORKETT, followed by drinkers.)*³

CORKETT.

(Elated.) Landed him proper, didn't I? Ha, Tubbs, pulled it off again, my boy!

TUBBS.

What—have you won, 'Arry?

CORKETT.

Rather! Why, he wasn't in it.

COOMBE.

(Aside to SPIDER.) See that young sprig there—

¹ Crosses in front of Skinner and sits L. of table L.

² Baxter has seated himself at table R.

³ L. 2 R. and goes to bar.

he sleeps in the house we want to get into—if we could get hold of him—

SKINNER.

Will you shut up?

CORKETT.

Now, gentlemen, let's be merry! Drink up! Look here, I've made my money like a gentleman and I'll spend it like a gentleman.

SKINNER.

Just relieve him of those notes while I draw off Baxter's attention. You'll be able to get hold of him when he's cleaned out.

COOMBE.

You'll be there as soon as it's dusk—a hundred and fourteen, Hatton Garden.

SKINNER.

Where's the Ancient Briton?

COOMBE.

He'll be on the spot.¹

SKINNER.

Right! So you want to have a finger in our pie, do you, Sam Baxter?² (*Seeing that BAXTER is cautiously following him.*) That's right! Follow me up! I'll lead you a pretty dance to-night.³ (*Shouts off.*) Hi! Boy! Get me a hansom!

(*Exeunt SKINNER and BAXTER*)⁴

(*COOMBE has in the meantime picked CORKETT'S pocket.*)

CORKETT.

Now, gentlemen, I'm blowed if I don't stand you another bottle of champagne. I've got money enough—(*Stops short suddenly.*) Here, somebody's stole my money.⁵

¹ Goes up to counter.

² Goes up to R. U. R. then down to L. table again to get his stick, crosses to R. 2. R.

³ At gate.

⁴ R. 2 R.

⁵ Coming c.

TUBBS.

What? Nonsense! 'Enery, there ain't no thieves here. Feel again.¹

¹ *Coming from behind bar.*

CORKETT.

(Feeling desperately in his pockets.) Yes, it's gone. It's gone. My money—I'm robbed, I'm ruined! I'm ruined! Give me my money, do you hear—give me my money or I'll—*(Seizes BILCHER, who happens to stand next to him, by the throat.)*

BILCHER.

(Shaking him off roughly.) You hold off, youngster, or I'll smash you. I haven't got your money.

CORKETT.

Somebody's got it! Somebody must have it!

COOMBE.²

² R.

Come, gentlemen, no larks with the poor young fellow. If you've got his money give it back to him!

CORKETT.

(Crying piteously.) I'm ruined, you know, I'm ruined!

COOMBE.

(Suddenly.) Why, of course, that man must have it.

CORKETT.³

³ C.

Which? *(Runs to COOMBE.)*

COOMBE.

Why, the man with the billy-cock hat and check trousers! *(Describing BAXTER.)* I saw him sneaking round your elbow—he's got it.

CORKETT.

Which way did he go?

COOMBE.

This way—come on! I'll help you catch him—I shall know the rascal again when I see him—come on!

CORKETT.

Come on, gentlemen, and help me find him. I'm ruined. I'm ruined. (*Crying piteously.*)

(*Exit COOMBE followed by CORKETT.*¹)

ENTER DENVER.²

DENVER.

There's another man ruined. Cheer up! We'll go to the dogs together. Tubbs, give me some brandy.³

TUBBS.⁴

You've had enough, Mr. Denver.

DENVER.

I'm the best judge of that—it's a free country—anybody can drink himself to death that likes—I will have it, I will.⁵

(*Enter GEOFFREY WARE.*⁶)

WARE.

(*Watching DENVER.*) Ah, there you are, my fine fellow. I think my plan is working pretty well. I think Nelly had better have married me after all. Stick to it, I'll bring you to the gutter, I'll see you in the workhouse yet before I've done with you. (*Comes up to DENVER, slaps him on the back cordially.*) Well, Will, how are you?

DENVER.

I'm three parts drunk and the rest mad, so keep out of my way, Geoffrey Ware.

WARE.⁷

Nonsense, Will, I never saw you looking so bright and sober. I'm very glad for Nelly's sake.

R. ² R.

² L. 2 R.

³ Goes to bar.

⁴ Now back behind bar.

⁵ Sits R. of L. table.

⁶ R. U. R.

⁷ R. C.

DENVER.

(Fiercely rising.) Whose sake?

WARE.

Mrs. Denver—excuse the slip of the tongue. She was once engaged to me, you know.

DENVER.

She knew better than to marry you, didn't she?

WARE.

It seems she did, for she married you.¹

DENVER.

Yes, and she'll stick to me through thick and thin. Why, you sneaking cur, do you think my wife can't see through you? Do you think I don't know why you're always creeping and skulking about my house under pretence of being my friend? Now listen to me, I'm going to the dogs²—I'm drinking myself to death as fast as I can. I shall be dead in no time, but she won't marry you, Geoffrey Ware. She'll marry a sweep sooner—you know, a sweep of the other sort I mean. Now you've got 'it straight, go and chew the cud of that, and then buy a rope and hang yourself.³

WARE.⁴

Come, Will, I don't bear you any grudge for taking away my sweetheart, I'm only too glad to see what a nice, kind, sober husband she's got.

DENVER.

I've warned you once. Take a fool's advice and keep out of my way. The devil's in me to-night, and he'll break out directly.

WARE.

Ah, well, take care of yourself, dear boy, for my sake. Give my kindest regards to Nelly.

(DENVER rising, dashes the contents of his glass in WARE'S face. TUBB & BILCHER come down and seize DENVER. TEDDY gets WARE away.)

¹ Moves R.

² Rising.

³ Taking up his glass and sits L. of table.

⁴ R. C.

DENVER.

(*Held by TUBBS and BILCHER.*) Take that man away! Take him away before I kill him.

WARE.

Ta, ta, Will, don't forget my message to your better half. (*Exits.*¹)

¹ R. 2 E.

TUBBS.

Now, Mr. Denver, you'd better go home, you know.

² L. of table L.

DENVER.²

³ Seated.

No, no, let me stay here, Tubbs! Oh, my head!³
(*Lets his head fall on table.*)

TUBBS.

⁴ Goes back into bar.

Come away, Mr. Bilcher, perhaps he drop off to sleep and then we can carry him home.⁴

DENVER.

⁵ Music cue.

Yes, carry me home, Tubbs, and sing "Here the conquering hero comes!" and then bury me and play the Dead March in Saul.⁵

(*TUBBS has beckoned all off.*)

⁶ Gate R. U. E.

(*DENVER is alone. NELLY Enters*⁶ *comes down behind him very timidly, he starts, turns around and sees her.*)

DENVER.

Nelly, you here! You in this place?

⁷ R. of Denver.

NELLY.⁷

Yes, isn't a wife's place by her husband's side?

DENVER.

Not when he's such a husband as I am. You go home, my darling; you go home, I'll come by and by.

NELLY.

No, my poor Will, come now!

DENVER.

I've ruined you, Nell, I've lost every sixpence I've got in the world. To-morrow you and the chicks will be starving. Ah, Nell, my bonnie, bonnie girl, look at me—what made you marry me, a drunken brute like me?

NELLY.

Because I loved you—I love you still. Never mind the past, dear, come home and make a fresh start to-morrow.

DENVER.

I can't. I must go on. I can't stop. I'm going down, down as fast as I can go—I don't know where!

NELLY.

(*Throwing her arms round him.*) Oh, don't say that, dear. You must stop yourself for my sake—for your Nell's sake.

DENVER.

(*Stroking her face.*) The sweetest and truest wife a man ever had, and married to such a wretch as I am. (*Changing his tone.*) Don't you come here! You only make me think what a brute I've been to you.

NELLY.

Oh, Will, I have just put our little Cissy and Ned to bed and they have said "God bless dear father!"

(GEOFFREY WARE *Enters behind unperceived.*¹)

¹ R. U. R.

DENVER.

(*Starting up maddened.*) Ah! Don't teach them that! Don't teach them to pray for me. Teach them to curse and hate me. Go away, Nell,—don't you see the people all staring at us? Go home, my girl! I'll come home when I'm sober. Go home, my girl, go home! (*Rushes to bar.*) Tubbs, give me some brandy, don't keep me waiting!

(NELLY *goes a step after him and then sinks into chair crying.*²)

² R. of R. table.

¹ *Down L. of Nelly.*

WARE.¹

(To her in low voice.) Have you suffered enough?

² *Rising.*

NELLY.²

(Hiding her tears.) Geoffrey Ware! *(Aside.)*
That he should see me here!

WARE.

Has he dragged you deep enough into the mire or will you go deeper still, to rags, to the gutter, to starvation? Nelly, you once promised to be my wife.

NELLY.

Yes, and I repented even before I promised. I never loved you and you know it. You worried me into a consent, and when I found out my mistake, I told you of it and married a better man!

DENVER.

(Whose back is towards them.) That hound back again, and talking to my wife.

WARE.

Ah, there stands the better man! Look at him A pattern husband—a pattern father, prosperous, happy, respectable, sober!

NELLY.

Oh, this is manly of you. What harm have I ever done to you?

WARE.

You married him. I swore that day I'd ruin him, and I kept my word. Good evening, Mrs. Denver.³

DENVER.

³ *Crosses to R. 2 E.*

(Turning.) Stop, you cur, and answer to me.⁴

⁴ *Flourishing revolver.*

WARE.

(Coolly.) My dear fellow, you're drunk, you know.

⁵ *R. 2 E.*

(Exit laughing at DENVER.⁵)

(DENVER rushes at him. NELLY stops him.)

NELLY.

Ah, Will, he's not worth it.

(TUBBS and OTHERS enter from house.¹ JAIKES enters from gate.²)

DENVER.³

Let me get at him! Let me go!

JAIKES.

Master Will! Master Will

NELLY.

No, no! Will, he's not worth it.

JAIKES.

What are you going to do, Master Will?

DENVER.

I'm going to kill that man! I'll shoot him like a dog!

*(Breaks from them and rushes off.)*⁴

NELLY.

(Calling after him.) Will! Will! Stop! Ah, will nobody stop him?⁵*(JAIKES and NELLY go off.)*⁶

END OF SCENE I.

SCENE II.⁷—*A Street in Clerkenwell.*⁸*(Enter COOMBE and CORKETT.)*⁹

COOMBE.

You say you don't know the numbers of the notes?

CORKETT.

No, I only took 'em off the bookmaker this afternoon and I never took the numbers.

¹ L. U. E.² Gate R. U. E.³ Both Nelly and Jaikes hold Denver.⁴ R. 2 E.⁵ Music.⁶ R. 2 E.⁷ Front scene.⁸ Lights $\frac{3}{4}$ down.⁹ Left. Running; Corkett first, Coombe following out of breath.

¹ *Corkett* R. C.
Coombe L. C.

COOMBE.¹

(*Aside.*) That's lucky! (*Aloud.*) Well, you see the man got off with them.

CORKETT.

Yes, and I say, you won't split on me, will yer? I'd borrowed that money to put it on "Blue Ribbon."

COOMBE.

Borrowed the money?

CORKETT.

Yes, eighty pounds off my guv'nor, Mr. Ware.

COOMBE.

Oh, I see, without his knowing, that's awkward—that's very awkward.

CORKETT.

I'd got the straight tip—I knew Blue Ribbon was a moral, and I meant to put the money back, honor bright I did.

COOMBE.

Of course you did. You was actuated by very honourable intentions.

CORKETT.

And now I shall be found out to-morrow and have to go to quod.

COOMBE.

Ah, that's a pity, and the worst of it is the judges are so unfeeling to parties as borrow their guv'nor's money without mentioning it to their guv'nors.

CORKETT.

Are they?

COOMBE.

Oh, brutal, especially to young men as borrow their guv'nor's money to put it on horses.

CORKETT.

You don't say so. I say—how long do you think I shall get?

COOMBE.

Well, if you happen to get a nice, kind, feeling judge with his stomick in good working order, you may get off with say—seven years.

CORKETT.

Seven years?

COOMBE.

Yes, but don't reckon on that. There was a young fellow tried at the Old Bailey a week or two since, for borrowing money as you've done, a handsome, pleasant young man he seemed to be, just like you.

CORKETT

Yes, and what did he get?

COOMBE.

Fourteen years.

CORKETT.¹

(*Collapses.*) Fourteen years!

COOMBE.

Yes, I felt quite sorry for him.

CORKETT.

I say, what's it like in—

COOMBE.

Speaking from hearsay, it ain't likely to suit a young man of your constitution. It'll bottle you up in less than three months.

CORKETT.

Think so?

COOMBE.

Sure of it. Skilly won't relish much after cham-

*Falls on
Coombe's
shoulder.*

pagne, will it? And as for the treadmill, though it's a prime *exercise*, as a *game* it ain't to be compared to billiards.

CORKETT.

What can I do?

COOMBE.

Well, I've took a bit of a fancy to you, and I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll lend you the eighty pounds.

CORKETT.

(*Seizing his hand eagerly.*) You will? You're a brick!

COOMBE.

Yes, providing you'll oblige me in a little matter.

CORKETT.

I'll do anything for you. You're a jolly kind old man and no mistake.

COOMBE.

You live at a hundred and fourteen Hatton Garden, don't you?

CORKETT.

Yes.

COOMBE.

Who sleeps in the house beside you?

CORKETT.

Only my guv'nor and the old porter.

COOMBE.

Your guv'nor spends his evenings out, don't he?

CORKETT.

Comes in about twelve as a rule.

COOMBE.

Well, a friend of mine wants to spend half an

hour in your guv'nor's sitting-room to-night—he's a photographer and he's taking views of London. Could you let us into the house and keep the old porter out of the way?

CORKETT.

I say, what's up?

COOMBE.

Never mind, will you help us or will you go to quod to-morrow?

CORKETT.

I'll help you.

COOMBE.¹

There's a sensible young man.

(Enter JAIKES excited.²)

JAIKES.

(Crossing.) I've lost my way in these courts and alleys and goodness knows what mischief's happening *(Seeing CORKETT.)* Ah, you're Mr. Ware's clerk, aren't you?

CORKETT.

Yes. Why, it's Mr. Denver's servant, ain't it?

JAIKES.

Yes, come on with me to Mr. Ware's in Hatton Garden. Come on quick.

COOMBE.

(Aside.) Hillo, I must stop this.

CORKETT.

(Exchanging a glance with COOMBE.) What's the matter?

JAIKES.

Murder'll be the matter if we don't stop it. My poor master's got the drink inside of him. He's

¹ Crosses R.
leaves Corkett
C.

² Left.

beside himself, he's threatened to kill Mr. Ware. Come and help me get him away.

¹ *Coming between Jaikes and Corkett.*

COOMBE.¹

I beg your pardon, are you looking for the young gentleman as was drinking in the "Wheatsheaf" just now?

JAIKES.

Yes, have you seen anything of him?

COOMBE.

Yes, he came out of that public house not two minutes ago, and he took a cab and told the driver to go to Charing Cross Station, didn't he? (*To CORKETT.*)

CORKETT.

Yes, 'ansom.

JAIKES.

Are you sure it was my master?

COOMBE.

Oh, quite sure. (*To CORKETT.*) You're sure it was Mr. Denver, ain't you?

CORKETT.

Oh yes, I'll take my oath of it.

COOMBE.

It's very lucky you met us. You'll find your master at Charing Cross Railway Station. Make haste.

JAIKES.

Thank you, mate, thank you, I'll go there straight!

(*Exit.*²)

COOMBE.

Yes, do, you old fool, and you won't find him. We shall have to look out and keep that tipsy fellow out of our way. (*To CORKETT.*) Now, my dear

boy, you stroll on just in front of me. Don't get out of my sight—that's it!

CORKETT.

No, and if I once get out of this mess I'll never get into another. *(Exit.¹)*

¹ Right.

COOMBE.

That's done neat and clean. Now if the Ancient Briton can't work in off the leads, this young gentleman will open the front door for us, and all we've got to do is to walk upstairs.² *(Exit.³)*

² Music cue.

³ Right.

END OF SCENE II.

SCENE III.

SCENE.—GEOFFREY WARE'S *sitting room in Hatten Garden.*⁴ *Window right. Table with cloth centre, sideboard against right wall. Door at back.*

⁴ Lights $\frac{1}{2}$ up

(Discover WARE standing by table with hat on buttoning his gloves, also LEAKER, an old porter, at door L. C.)

WARE.

Leaker, I'm going out, leave the door on the latch.

LEAKER.

Yes, sir. Shall I wait up for you, sir?

WARE.

No, I don't know what time I shall be back. I may come in in half an hour, or I may not come in at all. You can go to bed when you like. *(Going out at door.)* Good night.

LEAKER.

Good night, sir.⁵

⁵ Music cue.

(Exit WARE at back. LEAKER takes out light⁶ and exit after him.)

⁶ Lights check to $\frac{1}{4}$.

(*A pause. Stage dark. CRIPPS is seen at window, he lifts window noiselessly and Enters very softly with dark lantern in his hand.*)

CRIPPS.

¹ Crosses L.

Coast clear, that's all right! ¹ (*Moves away sideboard from wall.*) This must be the spot. (*Listens—a short, faint, peculiar whistle is heard off. CRIPPS returns it and goes on lifting sideboard.*)

(*Enter SKINNER at back.*)

SKINNER.

All clear?

CRIPPS.

Yes, Captain!

SKINNER.

Light!

(*CRIPPS turns lantern on SKINNER, helps him off with coat, discovers faultless evening dress-suit. SKINNER turns up his sleeves.*)²

² Head of table c.

Give me my tools. You'll find them in that pocket.

(*CRIPPS takes case out of pocket, hands it to SKINNER, then puts coat on front of table. SKINNER opens case and looks at tools.*)

³ L. of table.

CRIPPS.³

Beauties, ain't they? I was a week making them jemmies.

SKINNER.

Well, it was time well spent. What the plague did you want me for to-night? I was just starting for Lady Blanche Wynter's dinner party.

CRIPPS.

(*Measuring along wall.*) What the blazes has that got to do with me? If you're above your business, say so, and I'll crack the crib myself.

SKINNER.

(Takes from neat mahogany case a tool and lays it on table.) Give me the plan!

(CRIPPS gives him the plan—he studies it.)

CRIPPS.

The safe's just the other side of this wall here. Thinks I when I was a-fixing up that there safe, "this'll be a splendid plant for us;" and the gents next door was extry particular about having it made strong. "Cause," says they, "there'll often be fifty pounds worth of diamonds in that there safe."

SKINNER.

(Who has been studying plan and not listening to CRIPPS.) Shut up! Not so much cackle. Now, Cripps, look alive, because I must be at Lady Blanche's dance at twelve.

CRIPPS.

Blow Lady Blanche!

(SKINNER takes up instrument, comes to wall, is about to pierce it when noise of knocking and ringing is heard down stairs.)

SKINNER.

What's that row?

(Enter COOMBE¹ in great trouble.)

¹ L. C. door.

COOMBE.

My dear boy, here's that tipsy fellow down at the door, playing deuce and tommy, swears he'll pull the house down if we don't let him come up.

(Knocking and ringing continues.)

SKINNER.

What's he want?

COOMBE.

Mr. Ware. He won't take our word he's out. What can we do?

SKINNER.

Send him up here.

COOMBE.

What, here?

SKINNER.

Yes, tell him Mr. Ware's at home and send him up.

*(Exit COOMBE.)*¹

¹ Door L. C.

² Gets pad from pocket.

Where's my chloroform pad?² Oh, here it is.
(Pours chloroform on pad.) I'll soon quiet him.
Cripps, out with that light. Stand there!³

³ Music cue

⁴ Skinner R. of door, Cripps L.

*(Stage dark. They stand behind door.)*⁴

COOMBE.

(Outside.) There he is—you'll find Mr. Ware in that room.

⁵ Door L. C.

(Enter DENVER⁵ with revolver, followed by COOMBE.)

DENVER.

Now, you hound, come out and settle accounts with me. Come out and show your face. Where are you?

(SKINNER leaps out on him, and puts chloroform on pad over DENVER'S nose. CRIPPS helps him. DENVER struggles but is overpowered; they lay him on rug by fireplace.)

SKINNER.

That revolver! Take it away from him, put it on the table.

(CRIPPS takes revolver.)

Lie there, you brute! You won't trouble us any more.

(CRIPPS is examining revolver as SKINNER crosses.)

Put that revolver down, Cripps, anywhere on the table. Look alive! Show me a light. *(Getting to wall again.)*

(Enter CORKETT suddenly.)¹

¹ Door L. C.

CORKETT.

(In a frightened whisper.) Here, where are you? I say, clear out of this all of you. Here's my guv'-nor coming back—he's left something. Oh, crimes, here he is.

(Enter WARE. He stands a moment in doorway—strikes match. CORKETT tries to dodge by him.)

WARE.

(Sees him.) Hillo? What are you doing here?² Who are these men?² What business have you here?

² Drops down L.

SKINNER.

We are friends of your clerk—we met him at the Derby, and he insisted on our coming here to spend the evening with him, and so naturally as a matter of course—(Coolly putting tools in box.)—excuse me, I have an appointment!

WARE.

Wait a bit, I want this cleared up! (Sees tools on table.) Ah! These are burglars' tools! A revolver! Help! Murder! Thieves!³

³ Goes up to table.

SKINNER.

(Snatching up revolver and shooting WARE.) Take that, you fool, since you won't be quiet!

(WARE falls in front of table—a pause.)

COOMBE.

My dear boy, this is terrible.

CORKETT.⁴

He's killed him, he's killed him!

⁴ R. of table.

SKINNER.

Cripps, back with the case sharp! Everybody off.

(They put back bookcase quickly.)

CORKETT.

We shall all swing for this. (*Shows great fright.*)

SKINNER.

You will, if you don't keep your mouth shut.

CRIPPS.

We must risk the leads—come on—we mustn't be seen coming out of the door. (*Gets out at window.*)

SKINNER.

(*Putting on coat and coolly pocketing tools.*) Look alive, Coombe! Shake up that idiot! (*Indicating CORKETT who is paralysed with fright.*)

COOMBE.

(*Shaking CORKETT.*) Come on, or else they'll collar you for this. (*Hurries him out of window and gets out himself.*)

SKINNER.¹

(*Looking at WARE.*) I've gone a step too far this time. The fool! Why wouldn't he let me pass!

(*Gets out of window and closes it down.*)

(*Stage dark. A pause. Enter LEAKER with candle,² rubbing his eyes and yawning as if just awakened from sleep.*)

LEAKER.

(*Yawning.*) I thought I heard a noise like a shot. I must have been dreaming. I wonder how long I've been asleep? Mr. Ware not come yet. (*Going a step or two and stumbling over DENVER.*) Hillo! Who's this? (*Stoops and looks down.*) Why, it's Mr. Denver! How did he get in here?³ (*Kneels down and shouts at and shakes DENVER.*) Mr. Denver! Wake up, wake up!

(*DENVER mutters something and stirs.*)

Don't lay there, sir. Let me assist you into this chair. (*Shakes him.*) Drunk again. D'ye hear,

¹ Skinner is about to place revolver in his pocket when he sees Denver and places it on table instead.

² Lights $\frac{1}{2}$ up.

³ Puts candle on mantelshelf.

Mr. Denver, wake up! (*Shakes him and gets him into chair.*)¹

¹ *Armchair R.*

DENVER.

(*Rousing himself and opening his eyes.*) Al'right! Don't be in a hurry. Where am I?

LEAKER.

You're in Mr. Ware's room at Hatton Garden, sir.

DENVER.

(*In chair.*) Of course I am. (*Passing his hand over his head, drops back into chair.*)

LEAKER.

Shall I light you downstairs?

DENVER.

No, I'll go soon. Who is it—Leaker?

LEAKER.

Yes, it's Leaker.

DENVER.

You know me, Leaker?

LEAKER.

Yes, I know you, sir. I'd better let him stay, he won't do any harm. (*To DENVER.*) I'll leave you the candle, sir, and you can go home when you've quite woke up. Well, good-night, sir, I'm going to bed. Mind you latch the street door when you go out. Good-night, sir.

DENVER.

Latch street door—all right, Leaker.

(*Exit LEAKER D. in F.*²)

² *Door L. C.*

(*Sits up and stares round him, tries to collect himself.*) What's up? What's the matter? (*Shakes himself.*) What am I doing here? This won't do! Get home! Get home, you drunken scoundrel!

Aren't you ashamed of yourself, Will Denver? Keeping your poor wife sitting up half the night for you—get home, d'ye hear, get home. (*Raises himself with difficulty and stares round and staggers.*) What's the matter with my head? I can't recollect! What place is this? (*With a sudden flash of recollection.*) Ah! Geoffrey Ware's room, I remember—yes, yes, I said I'd kill him and—Oh, my head, I'd better get home. Where's my hat? (*Gets up, takes candle, staggers, steadies himself, comes round table, sees WARE.*) What's that? It's Geoffrey Ware! What's he doing here? Get up, will you? (*Kneels down.*) Ah, what's this? Blood! He's shot! My God, I've murdered him. No! No! Let me think. What happened? Ah yes, I remember now—I came in at that door, he sprang at me and then we struggled. (*Looking at revolver.*) My revolver.—One barrel fired—I've murdered him. No, he's not dead, Geoffrey Ware! Is he dead? (*Eagerly feeling WARE's pulse.*) No, it doesn't beat. (*Tears down WARE's waistcoat and shirt, puts his ear over WARE's heart.*) No, no, quite still, quite still. He's dead! Dead! Dead! Oh, I've killed him—I've killed him. (*Rising frantically, takes up revolver and puts it in his pocket.*) What can I do? (*With a great cry.*) Don't stare at me like that! (*Snatching off table cover and throwing it over body, his eyes fixed and staring at it unable to take off his glance.*) Close those eyes, Geoffrey—close them. Ah, yes, I murdered him—I've done it—I've done it—murdered him! (*Exit, his lips mechanically jabbering.*) I've done it! I've done it! I've done it! I've done it! I've done it!¹ (*Exit.*)

¹ Music.

END OF ACT I.

(*A night passes between Act 1 and 2.*)

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Interior of DENVER'S house.¹ Window at back. Doors right and left. Small table centre of stage. Chairs right and left.²*

The clock strikes six.³

(NELLY discovered at window looking anxiously off.)

NELLY.

Six o'clock! Will he never come?

(Enter JAIKES.⁴)

Well, Jaikes?

JAIKES.

I can't see nothing of him, missus!

NELLY.

You don't think he has carried out his threat?

JAIKES.

Not he, missus, don't you fear. Mr. Will won't do no harm. Now don't you sit up any longer, missus.

NELLY.

I'm used to it, Jaikes, I'm used to it.

JAIKES.

This sitting up o' nights is making you quite pale and thin, and such bonny rosy cheeks as you used to have in the old days.

NELLY.

Ah, the old days—the dear old Grange. The happy, happy times that will never come again.

JAIKES.

Yes, it will, missus. I don't know how, but some'ut inside me prophesies as it will.

¹ Gets down to chair, sits R. of table.

NELLY.¹

Bless you, Jaikes, I don't know how I shall bear my troubles when you are gone.

² R. of Nelly.

JAIKES.²

When I'm what, missus?

NELLY.

Gone—yes, we're ruined; we can't pay you the wages we owe you.

JAIKES.

There'll be time enough for that when I asks you.

NELLY.

Ah, but we can't afford to keep a servant any longer—you have clung to us all through, my old friend, but we shall have to part from you now.

JAIKES.

Will you, though? You won't find me so easy to get rid of.

NELLY.

Ah, Jaikes, we're a sinking ship, you'd better leave us before we go down.

JAIKES.

No, missus, my voyage is pretty well over, and if you go down, I'll go down with you. I stuck to you in your prosperity—I took your wages when your purse was full, and your hand was free, and I ain't going to leave you now adversity's come and the cupboard's empty. No! No!

³ Crosses to R.

NELLY.

Dear kind Jaikes, but you know you could go back to the Grange; they want a butler, and would be glad to have you.

JAIKES.

I daresay they would, but they won't get me—I know when I'm well off.

NELLY.

But I am forgetting, Jaikes, you must be very tired. Go and get some sleep.

JAIKES.

I'd rather wait with you, missus.

NELLY.¹

¹ *Rises.*

I'll call you, Jaikes, if I want any help. Go, Jaikes, go just to please me.

JAIKES.

Very well, missus, if you wish it.

NELLY.

There's a good Jaikes. Good night.

JAIKES.

Not 'good night,' missus, it's 'good morning.'²

² *Music.*

(*Exit* JAIKES.³)

³ *D. R.*

NELLY.⁴

⁴ *Goes to window.*

Ah! if it were the dawn of a new and happy life!

(*Enter* DENVER.⁵)

⁵ *Left.*

Will!⁶

⁶ *Crosses to L.*

DENVER.

Don't touch me! You don't know what I am!
Keep away from me!

¹ Gets R., after a momentary look of bewilderment.

NELLY.¹

Ah, Will! Not that—not that! For mercy's sake, say it's not true!

² L. of table.

DENVER.²

Ah, if I could! Yes it's true! I've killed him! Oh, if I could wipe it out! If I could bring back the past few hours! Fool! Fool! Fool!

NELLY.

How did it happen?

DENVER.

I don't know! I was mad—dazed. I went to his rooms, it was dark—I called out for him—he sprang upon me from behind the door—we struggled—I suppose my revolver must have gone off—and then—I—I—I don't know what happened. The next thing I remember was Leaker, the porter, woke me and left me—and I looked round the room—and—and—(*Picturing the scene*) there he was—dead—dead—shot by me.³ Look! Look! he's staring at me. Look! Look! He'll stare at me for ever. There! Don't you see him? (*Pointing to the floor.*) Hide him—hide him from me!

³ Retreats to L. fiat.

NELLY.

(*With a great cry of pity goes to him and covers his face with her hands.*) Oh, my poor Will!

DENVER.

Don't touch me, I say! There's blood upon my hands.⁴ Oh, my poor girl! Have I brought you to this?

⁴ Sinks on chair R. of table. Nelly gets to R.

NELLY.⁵

Don't think of me—think of yourself—you must hide!

⁵ Coming to him.

DENVER.

Hide! No! let them come and take me, you will be well rid of me.

(NELLY puts her arms round his neck.)

Don't pity me. If there is a spark of love left in your breast for me, crush it out. Oh, I've been the maddest fool that was ever sent upon this earth to work mischief.

NELLY.¹

What time was it when it happened?

DENVER.

I don't know—a little before twelve, I think. I've been rushing about the streets ever since trying to get away from him and from myself.

NELLY.²

You mustn't stay here! This will be the first place they will search. You must go to one of the big railway stations and take a ticket for a long distance—do you see—make it appear you are trying to leave the country, and then you must leave the train at the first station, and so throw them off the scent. (*Puts her arms round DENVER'S neck.*³) You'll do as I tell you, won't you, Will?

DENVER.

Oh, my wife! Why don't you hate me? Why don't you curse me?

NELLY.

Because you never had so much need of my love and of my prayers as you have now. We're wasting time. What money have you?

(DENVER feels in his pocket, takes out revolver.⁴)

DENVER.

Ah! this cursed thing! Take it away before I do any more mischief with it.

(NELLY takes it from him.⁵)

NELLY.

Never mind that now. I'll get rid of it when you are gone. (*Puts revolver on table.*) What money have you?

¹ Behind Denver's chair.

² On the R. of Denver.

³ From behind.

⁴ Moves L. of table.

⁵ She is standing front of chair R.

DENVER.

Not a shilling in the world.

NELLY.

Nor I. Ah, you will be lost and all for the want of a few pounds.

2. (JAIKES *has enter ed during the last speech.*)¹

JAIKES.

No, missus, he shan't. I've saved up a little money against a rainy day, and Master Will's as welcome to it as if it was his own. But what has happened?

NELLY.

Oh, the worst! Out of pity don't ask. Only help us.

3 R. JAIKES.²

Aye, that I will. What can I do?

3 R. C. NELLY.³

Quick, get the money. Wait! Your master must have some disguise. Think what he can have.

JAIKES.

Yes, missus. There's my poor brother Frank's things. They sent 'em to me when he died. How will they do?

NELLY.

Sailor's clothes! They'll do. Quick! Get them and put them into the portmanteau--and, Jaikes, his top coat and hat. Hurry, it's life or death!

4 R. door. (Exit JAIKES.)⁴

(Goes to DENVER and puts her arms around his neck.) Oh, Will, you must save yourself for my sake.

5 C. DENVER.⁵

I shan't escape—they'll soon run me down, Nell.

NELLY.

Ah! no, no, no, you must escape! You shall! Oh, how I will pray for it this night, and you will do your utmost for my sake? You will find means of letting me know where you are?

DENVER.

Yes, and the children—my little Ned and Cissy—dare I kiss them before I go?

NELLY.

Yes—come, they are asleep.¹

DENVER.

No! No! I'm not fit to kiss them! Oh, Nelly, when they grow up and ask for their father, what will you say? (*Bursts into tears.*)

(*Enter JAIKES² with overcoat, hat, portmanteau and purse.*)

JAIKES.³

Here you are, Master Will. You'll find poor Frank's clothes inside—he was about your figure. Here's the money--there's nearly forty pounds.

(*NELLY helps DENVER on with his overcoat.*)

DENVER.

I can't take your savings, Jaikes.

JAIKES.

Don't say mine, Master Will. It all came from you—and if the last drop of blood in my old heart could save you, you should have that as well.

NELLY.⁴

Quick, dear! you must take it.

DENVER.⁵

Give me a few pounds and then I'll shift for myself.⁶ Here, you keep the rest—for her. You'll take care of her, won't you, Jaikes?

¹ Nelly leads Denver towards door R., pauses, then he retreats to front of table.

² Door R.

³ R.

⁴ L.

⁵ C.

⁶ Takes money from purse.

JAIKES.

You needn't ask me that, Master Will.

NELLY.

(*Throwing her arms round DENVER.*) Oh, Will! that ever we should part like this!

¹ L.

(*Loud knock at door.*¹)

What's that?

DENVER.

They have come for me.

JAIKES.

² Describes Baxter—goes to door L.

(*Goes to window and looks off.*) A chap with a billycock hat and check trousers.²

DENVER.

It must be a detective. What shall I do?

NELLY.

³ Getting him towards R. door.

This way—quick, we'll try to keep him.³

DENVER.

⁴ Kisses Nelly.

Good-bye! Oh, my wife, forgive me! Forgive me!⁴

NELLY.

Go for your life!

⁵ R. door.

(NELLY hurries DENVER off.⁵)

⁶ Music cue.

(*Then turns to JAIKES.*) Jaikes, quick to your room. Look out of your window. Ask the man to wait a few minutes. Keep him as long as you can.⁶

⁷ R.

(*Hurries JAIKES off.*⁷)

⁸ R. of table.

(*Sinks exhausted into chair.*⁸) Oh, my husband! my husband!

⁹ And goes down R.

(BAXTER enters through window.⁹ NELLY hears him and turns with a shriek.)

NELLY.¹

Ah, what do you want?

BAXTER.²

Mr. Wilfred Denver—is he at home?

NELLY.

(*Making a desperate effort to appear calm.*) Yes—of course he is—he is upstairs in bed. What do you want him for?

BAXTER.³

(*Looking at her keenly.*) I think you know; but if you don't I'd rather not tell you. I must see him at once.

NELLY.

Yes, on what business? Can't you tell me? I am his wife.

BAXTER.

God help you then!

NELLY.

Why—why? Tell me your business—I must—I will know.

BAXTER.

Since you will know, I want him on a charge of murder.

NELLY.

Murder! Oh, he is innocent, he'll be able to explain.

BAXTER.

No doubt! I must see him at once.

NELLY.

I'll tell him. Will you kindly sit down and wait a few minutes till he is dressed?

BAXTER.

Mrs. Denver, forgive me, you are not telling me the truth—your husband is not in this house.

¹ *Rising and standing in front of table.*

² *R.*

³ *R.*

NELLY.

Yes—yes, wait a few moments. What makes you think I am deceiving you? Wait—sit down, I will fetch him.¹

¹ Goes towards door 1.

² Door 1.

(2nd DETECTIVE rushes in.)²

DETECTIVE.

Here, Sam! Look alive! Our man's got away in a cab. Quick, we'll catch him!

³ Door 1.

(Exit.)³

⁴ Gets to door 1.

(NELLY throws up her arms in despair.⁴ BAXTER is going, sees revolver on table, picks it up.)

BAXTER.

Revolver! One barrel fired! We'll see if the bullet'll fit it.

NELLY.

(At door, clinging to BAXTER.) No, no, you shan't go!

BAXTER.

I must do my duty! Stand aside, Mrs. Denver, I must do my duty.

⁵ L.

(Exit BAXTER,⁵ NELLY clinging to him and trying to stop him.)

END OF SCENE I.

⁶ Lights full up.

SCENE II.

⁷ In 1st Grooves folding doors in R. flat.

SCENE:—A London Railway Station.⁷

Music to open.

(INSPECTOR opens doors. During scene, passengers of all classes enter from left and pass off through doors at back.)

⁸ L. & R.

(Enter DENVER hurriedly⁸ with portmanteau; he glances behind him, looks furtively round.)

DENVER.

They're after me. Will they reach the station before the train starts? It's my last chance!

(Newspaper boy coming through door.)

BOY.

Paper, sir?

DENVER.

No!

BOY.

Winner of the Derby, sir! Murder in Hatton Garden last night.

DENVER.

(Starting slightly.) Yes, give me one—any one will do. *(Gives coin to boy and takes paper.)*

INSPECTOR.

(Coming just through doors.¹) Now, sir, quick if you're going by this train. Your ticket? ¹ L.

(DENVER shows ticket, INSPECTOR looks at it.)

Liverpool—front carriage next the engine. Make haste!

(DENVER exit hurriedly through doors in flat.²)

² Whistle heard off—a second whistle heard in reply at a little distance off.

BOY.

That cove's in a big hurry. Give me a tanner—penny for the paper, fivepence for the boy.

(Exit.³)

³ D. F.

(Enter a TIPSYPASSENGER.⁴)

⁴ L. I R.

TIPSY P.

(Going up to INSPECTOR.) Excuse me, sir, I want to ask you a simple question.

INSP.

Well, what is it?

¹ L. of Inspector.

TIPSY P.¹

I've got a third class ticket for Glasgow, guv'nor. (*Produces ticket.*) Look there, you can see it's all square--what I wish to know is simply this--does that include refreshments on the road?

INSP.

(*Angrily.*) No, it don't!

TIPSY P.

All right, guv'nor, no 'fence, I hope--merely a suggestion on my part--Railway Companies pr'vide r'freshments on the road. Splendid idea, old f'low! Bring you in lots of traffic.²

² Inspector
throws T. P.
R.

(*Enter well-dressed Lady. INSPECTOR leaves TIPSY PASSENGER and goes up to her, touches his cap very respectfully.*)

INSP.

(*Very servilely.*) Can I find you a carriage, madam?

LADY.

Yes. First class to Manchester.

INSP.

Yes, madam. Allow me to take your rugs and umbrella.

(*LADY gives up things to INSPECTOR.*)

Thank you--this way, madam.

(*Bows her off very respectfully.*)³

³ Through door
C.

TIPSY P.

That's because she's a first classer. They don't show me to my carriage.

INSP.

(*Coming to door at back, rings bell.*) This way for Rugby, Stafford, Crewe, Manchester, Liverpool and the North.

⁴ Insp. enters
door v.

(*Goes off again.*)⁴

TIPSY P.¹

¹ R.

(*With much tipsy dignity.*) Will you kindly conduct me to a third class smoking carriage?

INSP.

(*Has returned.*²) Third class smoking—at end of the train.

² L. of him

TIPSY P.

Kindly conduct me to my carriage and open the door for me.

INSP.

Get out! Go and find your carriage.

TIPSY P.

No, I will not find my carriage. I will be escorted to my carriage.

(INSPECTOR *takes him by the scruff of the neck and runs him off.*)

(BAXTER *rushes on.*³)

³ L. I. E.

BAXTER.⁴

⁴ C.

Express gone?

INSP.⁵

⁵ R.

Yes, three minutes ago.

BAXTER.

Just my luck again. I missed the Spider last night, and now this man's missed me. (*To INSPECTOR.*) Did you happen to notice a gentleman in a brown overcoat, brown hat, with a portmanteau?

INSP.

Rather dark, with small beard and moustache?

BAXTER.

Yes.

INSP.

The very man. Came through this door about

¹ *Crosses as he speaks to L.*

three minutes ago—he caught the express.¹ He's got a first class ticket for Liverpool. He's in the front carriage of the train.

BAXTER.

Where does the train stop--the first place?

INSP.

Rugby—nine thirty-five.

(*Exit.*²)

BAXTER.

(*Takes out pocketbook and writes hurriedly.*)
“From Sam Baxter, Scotland Yard. To Police Station, Rugby. Meet nine thirty-five down express, detain Wilfred Denver—front carriage of train—about thirty, dark, small beard and moustache, brown hat, brown overcoat. Wanted for murder.”
I'll just nip across to the Telegraph Office, then to Scotland Yard. We shall nab him at Rugby.³

³ *Music cue.*

⁴ *L. I. E.*

(*Exit BAXTER.*⁴)

END OF SCENE II.

⁵ *Lights full up.*

SCENE III.⁵

SCENE:—*The exterior of “The Chequers,” a way-side Inn with deeply recessed porch towards right.*

(*Discovered seated in the porch drinking and smoking BINKS and BROWNSON, two tradesmen, and PARKYN the Parish clerk. PARKYN is reading the “Daily Telegraph.”*)⁶

BINKS.

(*Politely.*) When you're quite finished with that paper, Mr. Parkyn.

PARKYN.

When I've quite finished with it, Mr. Binks, I'll hand it over to you.

⁶ *Parkyn L. C. Parkyn, Brownson beside him and Binks beside Brownson.*

BROWNSON.

Yes, Parkyn don't be greedy. Let's all have benefit of the news.

PARKYN.

I'm reading about a murder as was committed in Hatton Garden, London, last night.

BROWNSON.

Ah, I like a good murder; it's very pretty reading.

BINKS.

Ah! it's wonderful how tastes differ. Now my wife, she's all for divorce and breach of promise cases.

BROWNSON.

So's my missus. It's my belief that women never look at a newspaper for anything except these spicy little bits.

BINKS.

Well, a divorce is all very well in its way, but I say, Give me a jolly good murder, one as ain't found out for a month or two, and puzzles judge and jury and everybody. That's what I like.

BROWNSON.

Ah! and where you ain't quite certain it's the right man till after he's hung, eh? (*Regretfully.*) Ah! we don't get such murders nowadays.

BINKS.

Have they found out who done the murder as you're reading about, Mr. Parkyn?

PARKYN.

Oh yes, a party by the name of Denver. There ain't no doubt about that.

BROWNSON.

Ah, that's a pity. It takes away all the interest and excitement.

BINKS.

I don't wish to hurry you, Mr. Parkyn, but when you've *quite* finished with the paper. Excuse me.

PARKYN.

Don't mention it, Mr. Binks.

BINKS.

(*Aside to BROWNSON.*) Parkyn gets more hoggish over the paper every day.

BROWNSON.

Read it out loud, Parkyn, and then we can all hear it.

PARKYN.

Very well, gentlemen, if it's the wish of the company.

BINKS.

I think it's my turn to read out loud to-night, Mr. Parkyn. You read out the "Horrible affair at Camberwell" last night, and the "Revolting Tragedy" the night before.

PARKYN.

Well, Mr. Binks, and if I did, am I not the clerk of this parish?

BINKS.

Yes, Mr. Parkyn, but because we're obliged to listen to you on Sundays when you've got us in church and we can't help ourselves, is no reason why you should bullyrag us a week-days when we've got the right of reply.

PARKYN.

Perhaps you are not aware, Mr. Binks, that the Lord Bishop of this diocese has particularly admired my reading of the psalms.

BINKS.

Very likely, Mr. Parkyn, but then the psalms is one thing and "The Daily Telegraph" another.

PARKYN.

Gentlemen, I'm in your hands.

BROWNSON.

Go on, Mr. Parkyn, read out—let's hear all about this murder.

PARKYN.

Mr. Binks, you are in a minority.¹ (*Coughs, adjusts his spectacles, looks severely at BINKS and begins.*) "A Downward Career."

BROWNSON.

Wait a bit, let's fill up our glasses and then we can start comfortable. (*Calls.*) Susy! Susy, my dear!

(ENTER SUSY *from house.*)

SUSY.²

Did you call, sir?

BROWNSON.

(*Giving her his glass.*) As per usual, my dear.

(SUSY *takes glass and exits.*)³

PARKYN.

(*Reading.*) "A downward career. Last night a shocking murder was committed at 114 Hatton Garden. The victim was a young engineer named Geoffrey Ware, who occupied the first and second floors of the house in question. It appears that a few minutes before eleven last night, James Leaker, the porter, and the housekeeper of the premises, went into Mr. Ware's room, and found there an acquaintance of the deceased, by name Wilfred Denver."⁴

(ENTER SUSY⁵ *with glass of grog which she places in front of BROWNSON.*)

SUSY.

Hot or cold, Mr. Brownson?

¹ Parkyn puts paper under his left arm. Binks and Brownson read it furtively. Parkyn sees them and snatches paper away.

² Goes to Binks.

³ Clucks Binks under chin then Parkyn. Parkyn rustles paper at her as she exits, Binks and Brownson cough.

⁴ Music.

⁵ From porch c.

PARKYN.

If you interrupt, Susy, it's impossible for me to read.¹

¹ *Susie tosses her head and exits slamming door.*

² *Right.*

(DENVER *limps on*² *in travel-stained sailor's dress, haggard and lame—he is clean shaven and appears utterly prostrate and exhausted.*)

DENVER.

(*Aside.*) I can't drag a step further. Let them come and take me and end it. (*Gets to porch and sinks on seat.*³)

³ *R. of porch.*

PARKYN.

(*Resuming.*) "And found there an acquaintance of the deceased, by name Wilfred Denver."

(DENVER *starts up as if shot, glances fiercely round at all of them.*)

DENVER.

Well!

(*They all stare round at him.*)

BROWNSON.

What's the matter, mate?

DENVER.

(*Recovering himself.*) Nothing—I beg pardon, gentlemen—I was thinking of something else. Don't take any notice of me. (*Sits.*)

BROWNSON.

Go on, Mr. Parkyn.

PARKYN.

(*Resuming.*) "Wilfred Denver, a young fellow of good connections, who has lately been leading a life of gambling and dissipation and who had returned

from the Derby in a drunken frenzy, aggravated it is said by heavy betting losses."

DENVER.

(Starting up fiercely and calls.) Waiter! Waiter!

PARKYN.

(Looking at him severely over his spectacles.) I really cannot read, sir, if you interrupt.

DENVER.

(Savagely.) Who asked you to read? Keep your tongue quiet for a few minutes, can't you?

*(PARKYN puts down paper in disgust, BINKS and BROWNSON snatch it up and read. Enter SUSY from Inn.)*¹

SUSY.

Did you call, sir?

DENVER.

Yes, something to eat. Anything there is in the house. Lay it in a private room.

SUSY.

Yes, sir.

(Exit into house.)

BROWNSON.

Have they caught the man?

(DENVER listens attentively.)

BINKS.

No, but the police are after him. Here's a description of him. "About thirty, medium height, well built, clean cut features, with dissipated look, a small beard and moustache."

PARKYN.

Poor fellow, I wonder how he feels to-night.

¹ *Brownson snatches paper from ground. Binks snatches it from Brownson. Parkyn feels on ground for paper and is visibly annoyed when he finds Binks has it.*

BROWNSON.

Ah! I shouldn't like to be in his shoes.

DENVER.

Are you talking about the Hatton Garden murder?

PARKYN.

Yes, sir, we are!

DENVER.

Ah! I know Hatton Garden very well. Have they discovered anything fresh?

BINKS.

No, that's only the morning paper. The evening paper ain't come yet.

DENVER.

It is to be hoped they'll catch the man before long.

PARKYN.

Oh, I expect they'll soon run him down.

DENVER.

Yes, I expect so. (*Aside.*) I shall betray myself in another moment.

BINKS.

(*To DENVER.*) Stranger in these parts, mate?

DENVER.

Yes—no—I know them a little.

BINKS.

Sailor, eh? (*Noticing his clothes.*)

DENVER.

Yes.

PARKYN.

Where might you be making for, sir?

DENVER.

I'm going to join my ship.

BROWNSON.

And where might that be, mate?

DENVER.

She's at—at—at— (*Starting up furiously.*) What the devil's that got to do with you? (*Shouts.*) Waiter! Waiter!

(*Enter SUSY from Inn.*)

Show me to a private room where these men can't pester me.

(*Exeunt DENVER and SUSY into house.*)

PARKYN.

(*Rises.*) Pester him! Why, what's the matter with the man? ¹

¹ *Rising.*

BINKS.

(*Rising.*) Pester him indeed! I wonder who he is? ² (*Looking after him.*)

² *Crossing R.*

PARKYN.³

³ *Centre.*

He's a madman, that's what he is. Did you notice how he stared at us?

BROWNSON.⁴

⁴ *L. C.*

Perhaps he has escaped from somewhere.

BINKS.

Let's go in and put Mrs. Buddens on her guard. He's a dangerous character to have about the house.⁵

⁵ *Exit porch C.*

BROWNSON.

Yes, come on, Mr. Parkyn, we may find out something more about him.⁶

⁶ *Music cut*

(*Exeunt ALL into Inn.*)

(*Rapid change to interior.*)

¹ *Lights full up.*SCENE IV.¹SCENE :—Room in “*The Chequers*.”² *L. F.**(Discover DENVER hanging cap on peg.² SUSY right of table laying cloth.)**(MUSIC to begin.)*

SUSY.

You look tired.

DENVER.

(Getting L. of table.) Yes, my girl, I am.

SUSY.

What's the matter with your foot?

DENVER.

Nothing.

SUSY.

That's a fib—you're quite lame.

DENVER.

³ *Sits L. of table.*No, no, I've walked a good bit to-day and I'm dead beat.³

SUSY.

Never mind, you'll be better to-morrow.

DENVER.

Yes, I shall be better to-morrow. Bring me some water, will you?

SUSY.

Yes—anything else?

DENVER.

You get the London evening paper here?

SUSY.

Yes; it generally comes about this time.

DENVER.

Let me have it the moment it comes. (*Aside.*) I can't help what they suspect, I must know.

(*SUSY is looking compassionately at him.*)

Don't look at me, there's a good girl, go out—shut the door, and don't let me be disturbed.

SUSY.

(*Going out, aside.*) Poor fellow, I wonder who he is.

(*Exit¹ leaving it open.*)

¹ D. F. L., C.

DENVER.

How long will it last? I wonder if anyone saw me jump from the train. What a fearful jump! What a mercy I wasn't dashed to pieces. I wonder what time it is. It must be about a quarter-past eight. A quarter-past eight. And yesterday at this time I was innocent! Yesterday he was alive—and I could laugh and play the fool, and now! Oh God! put back Thy universe and give me yesterday! Too late! Too late! Ah, my wife, how thoughtful she was. Shall I ever see her again—and my children—Ah, Heaven, work out some way of escape for me—not for my own sake, not to shield me from the just consequences of my crime, but for the sake of my dear wife and innocent children who have never done any wrong. Spare me till I have made atonement for the evil I have done. (*Looks round.*) I wonder where I am? I must have dragged at least twenty miles to-day. (*Sees Railway Time Table.*)² Ah, a Railway Time Table, then there is a station somewhere near. (*Crosses and gets Time Table and returns to table and sits.*)

² Time Table is L. of door.

(*Enter SUSY³ with water.*)

³ D. F.

SUSY.

(*Pouring out water.*) There you are!⁴

⁴ At R. of table

DENVER.

Thank you, my girl. (*Drinks.*)

SUSY.

¹ *Polishing tray.*

You ain't a bit like a sailor.¹

DENVER.

Why not? What makes you think that?

SUSY.

² *Polishing tray
furiously.*

Sailors are always hearty and jolly, and want to kiss me.² (*Pauses.*) I know you've hurt your foot—I wish you'd let John the ostler see it—he's as good as a doctor for sprains, and he'll tell you what to bathe it with.

DENVER.

No—no—let me alone, that's all I want, and don't forget the Evening Paper.

SUSY.

Very well, you shall have it the moment it comes.

³ *Exit door L. C.*

(*Exit leaving door open.*)³

DENVER.

I can't eat, and yet I must—I must put some strength into me. I can't last out another day like this.

(*PARKYN and BROWNSON talk outside. DENVER sees the door open, limps up to it and is about to shut it when his attention is arrested.*)

Hark! What are they talking about in there?

PARKYN (*voice heard outside*).

I never heard sentence of death passed but once, and that was when I was a boy, but I shall never forget it.

BINKS.

(*Outside.*) Tell us all about it, Mr. Parkyn.

PARKYN.

(*Outside.*) Well! It was on James Beecroft, the Aylesbury murderer; and the jury had been over two hours deliberating and it was late at night, and the court was lighted with candles in them days. And one of the candles was burnt down to the socket and kept on drip, drip, drip on my shoulder; and I couldn't stir, for we was packed at tight as herrings in a barrel; and the jury came out and everybody was as quiet as death; and the foreman of the jury gave in the verdict, and that candle went out the very moment as he said "Guilty." And the man's wife was in court and she screamed out to the judge to save her husband, and they had to drag her out of court, and she was carried out shrieking like a mad thing. And the judge was sobbing like a baby and when the court had got quiet again, the judge took out the Black Cap—

(DENVER *slams the door furiously.*)

DENVER.

God! I can bear it no longer. Have mercy upon me, and end it now. (*Comes down C.*)

(*Enter SUSY with paper.*)

(*He stares at her.*) Well?

SUSY.

Paper, sir.¹

(DENVER *takes paper from her mechanically and watches her out of room. She delays her Exit a moment looking at him. The moment she has gone, he opens the paper and with feverish haste looks up and down it.*)

DENVER.²

What's this? "Terrible railway calamity. Seven thirty-five express from Euston—" That's the train I was in. (*Reading breathlessly.*) "as-

¹ L. of Denver.

² Sits L. of table.

ascending an incline came into collision with some detached wagons of a goods train descending the incline on the same line of rail—one of the wagons was loaded with petroleum—the barrels burst with the shock, the vapour of the oil came in contact with the engine fire and in a moment the front part of the train was wrapped in fierce and extinguishable flames. The three front carriages, with all their occupants, were burning for upwards of an hour and were unapproachable on account of the intense heat. Nothing was left of them but cinders. Amongst the ill-fated passengers was Wilfred Denver—"who committed the murder in Hatton Garden last night—" What's this?—"and who has thus paid the last penalty of his crime in the very act of flying from justice." (*Reads again.*) "Amongst the ill-fated passengers was Wilfred Denver—" Yes, it is here!—"paid the last penalty of his crime." Then I am dead—dead to all the world.¹ Dead! Yes, dead!²

(*Kneels.*) Merciful Father, Thou hast heard my prayer and given me my life. I take it to give it back to Thee. My wife! She will see this and think me dead. Ah! better so, better so than to be tied to a murderer! (*Rises.*) Yes, my darling, I have done you harm enough! Now I will set you free.

(*Enter SUSY.*³)

How far is it to the station?

SUSY.⁴

A mile, sir.

DENVER.

There is a late train down to Bristol, is there not?

SUSY.

Yes, sir, the down night mail.

DENVER.

Order a horse and conveyance to meet it at once.

SUSY.

Yes, sir.

*(Exit.¹)*¹ Door L. C.

DENVER.

I shall reach Bristol to-night—Wilfred Denver is dead! To-morrow I begin a new life!²

² Music forte for curtain.

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

This scene is built on a platform dividing in the c. to wheel off at change.

¹ *Lights full up.*

Music to open.

² *R.*

³ *R. C. by window.*

⁴ *Coming down to Skinner.*

(SCENE I.—SKINNER'S villa at Bromley. A very luxuriously furnished apartment. Door right, window at back showing a snowy landscape outside. Fireplace right, with large comfortable fire burning. Door left.)¹

(Discover OLIVE SKINNER at window looking out. SKINNER is seated² in a luxurious arm-chair near fire. He is reading a French novel.)

OLIVE.³

More snow!⁴ Herbert, you don't really mean to turn that poor woman and her children out of that wretched cottage?

SKINNER.

Yes, I do!

OLIVE.

Why?

SKINNER.

They are starving, one of the children is dying. I object to people starving and dying on my property.

OLIVE.

But what will they do? Where will they go?

SKINNER.

There's a nice comfortable workhouse about two miles off.

OLIVE.¹

But surely, Herbert—

¹ *Puts her arms on the back of his chair.*

SKINNER.

Now don't argue, Olive, the woman can't pay her rent—she must go!

OLIVE.

But it isn't her fault she is poor.²² *Pause, gets to work-table.*

SKINNER.

Fault! It's no fault in England to be poor. It's a crime. That's the reason I'm rich.

OLIVE.

Rich? When I think how our money is got, I grudge the poorest labourer's wife her crust of bread and drink of water.³³ *Pause.*

SKINNER.

Ah, that's foolish. My dear Olive, all living creatures prey upon one another. The duck gobbles up the worm, the man gobbles up the duck, and then the worm gobbles up the man again. It's the great law of nature. My profession is just as good as any other, till I'm found out.

OLIVE.⁴When you talk like that I hate you. Your profession, indeed! Burglary—burglary and—*(In a whisper.)*—murder!⁴ *Rises—goes to him.*

SKINNER.

(Starts up with a frightened look and seizes her by wrist.) If you remind me of that cursed affair again I'll—I'll—*(Dropping her hand.)* There, don't be a fool, Olive, don't do it again, there's a good girl.⁵⁵ *Sinks into a chair, deadly quiet, and stares in front of him.*

OLIVE.

You're not quite deaf to the voice of conscience, it seems.

SKINNER.

I wish to goodness I could be deaf to your voice occasionally.

¹ Gets back to work-table and sits.

OLIVE.¹

Herbert, can't you make some reparation, can you not do something to wipe the stain off that man's memory?

SKINNER.

² Rising and putting his arm on the mantel-piece.

No, I can't!² Shut up! What a fool I was to tell you.

OLIVE.

Do you think I would have let you tell me if I had guessed what your secret was? I've not had one peaceful moment since.

³ Turning to Olive.

SKINNER.³

No, and what's more, you haven't let me have one either. For Heaven's sake, Olive, don't look like that, or you'll be old and ugly in no time. Let's forget the cursed thing.

⁴ Door L.

(Enter SERVANT.)⁴

(To SERVANT, his manner entirely changed.)
They've come?

SERVANT.

Yes, sir.

SKINNER.

Send them up.

⁵ L. door.

(Exit SERVANT.)⁵

(OLIVE rises and is going out.)

⁶ Skinner crosses to L. Olive gets up to window.

You'd better stay—one must be polite to one's business acquaintances.⁶

⁷ L. D.

(Enter SERVANT⁷ showing in COOMBE and CRIPPS.)

⁸ L. D.

(Exit SERVANT.)⁸

COOMBE.

(To SKINNER.)¹ My dear boy! (To OLIVE).²
How d'ye do, ma'am?

(He holds out his hand to OLIVE, she shrinks from taking it. SKINNER throws her a look of command, she then shakes hands with COOMBE.)

CRIPPS.³

(Is smoking a short pipe, does not take off his hat, nods familiarly to OLIVE.) My respects, ma'am.
(Looks round the room.) Spider, this is a blazing snug crib you have got here.

SKINNER.⁴

Yes, pretty well. By the way, Cripps, I wish you'd be a little more careful in your selection of adjectives.

CRIPPS.⁵

What's the matter with my adjectives? Them as don't like my company can leave it.

OLIVE.⁶

Then there's no occasion for me to stay, I think.

CRIPPS.

(Seated in easy-chair stretching out his legs and smoking short pipe.) Not a bit, ma'am. No offence to you, but I hates a parcel of women folk poking their noses where they ain't wanted. There! That's what I call business. There ain't no nonsense about me.

SKINNER.

No, nor any superfluous politeness.

CRIPPS.

I hates politeness. I hates folks as are civil and stuck up.

¹ Advancing to him.

² After crossing to her.

³ L.

⁴ L. C.

⁵ Sits in chair L.

⁶ Crossing to L. and exits door L.

⁷ Skinner opens the door for her, then comes to C. between Coombe and Cripps. The former has seated himself in chair by work-table. Skinner passes behind Cripps to L. C.

¹ c.SKINNER.¹

My dear fellow, consider the dignity of our profession. There's no reason why we shouldn't be gentlemen.

CRIPPS.

Gentlemen! There's nothing of the gentleman about me.

SKINNER.

Hush, don't tell us so, or we shall begin to believe it by and bye.²

² Crosses to R. C.COOMBE.³³ Is seated in chair by work-table.

Now, my dear boys, let's get to business.

SKINNER.

⁴ Leans against the arm of chair.

Fire away, Father Christmas!⁴ I'm all attention; but before we set out for fresh woods and pastures new, let's square Lady Blanche's diamonds. Where are they?

COOMBE.

Down at my wharf by the river along with the other swag.

SKINNER.

Who looks after that place now?

COOMBE.

It's locked up at present.

SKINNER.

That won't do, you know—you must keep somebody there—somebody you know.

COOMBE.

You can't spare one of your people, I suppose?

SKINNER.

No, I'm very comfortably suited just now. My coachman has just done eighteen months; my cook's

a jewel—she's the one that stole Lord Farthinghoe's silver—I always like to encourage enterprise. My housemaid was born in Durham jail, and my footman I took out of charity when his father went to do his fourteen years. In fact, I haven't a soul about the place that I can't trust.

(Enter SERVANT.)¹

¹ D. L.

SERVANT.

The Duke of New York's below, sir.

SKINNER.

That fellow! Give him a bit of dinner and kick him out of the place.

SERVANT.

He says he must see you, sir.

SKINNER.

(Shrugs his shoulders.) Send him up.²

² Goes to fire.

SERVANT.³

³ Looking off L.

Here he is, sir.

(Enter CORKETT door, ⁴ seedy, half starved, dirty, shivering, unshorn, ragged, his hair cropped as if just out of prison.)

⁴ L.

(Exit SERVANT.)⁵

⁵ Door L.

COOMBE.⁶

⁶ Rises.

Dear me! Why, it's our dear old friend, Mr. 'Enery Corkett.

CORKETT.⁷

Your old friend. A pretty hole you let your friends into.

⁷ Between Coombe and Cripps.

COOMBE.

My dear boy, what was we to do? Why, it might have happened to any of us.

CORKETT.

All my eye, Father Christmas. You were wide oh, you three, and you meant to let me in. There's Spider there, (*Goes to SKINNER.*) Now then, Mr. Spider, can't you speak to an old pal?

¹ Seated in arm-chair.

SKINNER.¹

So! you're out again, are you?

² L. of Skinner.

CORKETT.²

Yes, I've just done the twelve months as you ought to have done.

³ Coombe has seated himself R. of table.

SKINNER.³

Very well, don't brag about it, and perhaps you'll get another twelve months.

CORKETT.

Oh no, I shan't, I'm going to turn honest.

SKINNER.

Very well—you make an infernally bad rogue, Corkett—I don't know how you'll answer in the other line. My private opinion is you won't be a credit to either.

CORKETT.

I ain't going to be your tool and cat's-paw any longer.

SKINNER.

Very well.

CORKETT.

Here you are living in bang up style, surrounded by every luxury.

SKINNER.

The fruits of years of honourable industry.

CORKETT.

While I ain't got the price of a glass of bitter.

SKINNER.

Try a few bitter reflections.

CORKETT.

No, I shan't! I shall try honesty.

SKINNER.¹

Do—it's always the last resource of people who fail as rogues.¹

CORKETT.

And mind you, Spider, once I do turn honest, I shall turn damned honest, and make it jolly hot for all of you.

COOMBE.²

Come, come, you know what the Spider is, you must brush him the right way of the wool.³ Now we've got a splendid plant on, ain't we, Spider, and he shall stand in.

SKINNER.

No, I'm d——d if he shall.

COOMBE.

(*Aside to SKINNER.*) My dear boy, we must keep his mouth shut or else he'll go and blab about that Hatton Garden affair.

SKINNER.

Corkett! Corkett!⁴ I'm not to be bullied, but if you behave yourself, I don't mind doing something for you.⁵

CORKETT.

All right, I'm fly! Let's have some dinner to start with. I've got rats inside of me. What time do you dine, Spider?

¹ Seated in chair.

² Comes to Corkett and gets him C.

³ Corkett goes up to cabinet at back.

⁴ Corkett goes to him.

⁵ Coombe C. digs Corkett in ribs. Corkett digs him back. Coombe then sits chair R. of table.

SKINNER.

¹ *Rises.*

Seven.¹ But pray don't wait for me. (*Rings.*)

CORKETT.

I won't ; I'll have some lunch now, and then I'll dine with you by and bye.

SKINNER.

We always dress for dinner. Mrs. Skinner makes a point of it.

CORKETT.

Very sorry, Spider, I've left my dress togs with my uncle. You'll have to excuse morning dress this time.

² *Door L.*

(*Enter SERVANT.*)²

SKINNER.

Some lunch for this gentleman.

CORKETT.

And some wine, Spider.

³ *R.*

SKINNER.³

Some claret for the gentleman.

CORKETT.

Claret be blowed. Let's have some champagne.

SKINNER.

Some champagne for the gentleman.

CRIPPS.

(*Rising.*) I think I'll join the gentleman. I've had one dinner, but mine's a wonderful accommodating sort of stomach.

⁴ *Door L.*

(*Exeunt SERVANT and CRIPPS.*)⁴

CORKETT.

Au revoir—(*Going.*)—Spider—meet you at dinner.

Seven, I think you said. (*Aside.*) If I can't take it out of Spider, I'll take it out of his champagne.

(*Exit.*)¹

¹ Door L.

SKINNER.²

² R. C. by fire, looking after him.

The brute! If he gets a spoonful of wine into him, it'll fly into the place where his brains ought to be, and he may open his mouth too wide. Coombe, you'd better go and look after him.³

³ Gets to c.

COOMBE.

All right, my dear boy. Anything for an honest living.

(*Exit.*)⁴

⁴ Door L.

SKINNER.⁵

⁵ Alone c.

That cursed Corkett turned up again! Am I always to be reminded of that? I wish they'd all die. I'll cut the whole gang after my next 'coup,' disappear, retire to some quiet country place, go to church regularly, turn churchwarden and set an example to all the parish.⁶

⁶ Goes to fire and sits in arm-chair.

(*Enter OLIVE showing in NELLY. She is haggard, pale and very poorly dressed.*)⁷

⁷ They enter by L. door.

OLIVE.

(*To NELLY.*) Come in. Here is my husband—you shall speak to him yourself.

SKINNER.

What is it now? Do shut that door.

(*NELLY shuts door.*)

What is it?

OLIVE.⁸

⁸ At back of his chair.

This is the poor woman who lives in the gardener's old cottage.

¹ Centre.NELLY.¹

Mercy, sir, mercy on a starving woman and a dying child.

SKINNER.

My good woman, you'll be much better off in the workhouse. You will be provided with food and your child will be attended by a doctor.

NELLY.

² Olive gets to window.

But he will die—it will kill him to move him this bitter weather. Have mercy, sir, have mercy!²

SKINNER.

Now please don't make a scene. I've made up my mind to pull down that cottage. It isn't fit for a dog to live in.

NELLY.

Then let me live in it, and my children, only for a few days—only till my child is better—or dead.

SKINNER.

Yes, that's just it! Your child may die—and I don't wish him to die on my property, a hundred yards from my door. I dislike death, it's a nuisance, and I don't wish to be reminded of it.

NELLY.

Ah, but think of it, it's the last chance for my child. If you turn us out to-night, my boy will die.

OLIVE.

Oh, Herbert, think what you are doing!

³ Turning to Olive.NELLY.³

Oh, thank you for that. Beg him to let me stay.

OLIVE.

⁴ Gets L.

I have no influence over my husband.⁴

SKINNER.

(*To NELLY.*) Have the goodness to believe I mean what I say.¹

(*NELLY kneels to him.*)

Now get up, there's no need to kneel to me.

NELLY.

Yes! yes! there is much need. You shall not say me 'no.' Oh, I'm sure you are good and kind at heart—you do not wish my boy, my brave, beautiful boy to die. Ah, you are listening—you will have mercy—yes, yes, yes!

SKINNER.

(*After a pause.*) Very well. If you don't bother me any more you can stay till your child gets better.²

NELLY.

(*Rises.*) God bless you! God bless you!

SKINNER.

Yes, we know all about that. Now go away and don't make any more fuss.³

NELLY.

Oh, but I can't help thanking you and—⁴ you too with my whole heart.

SKINNER.

There, that'll do, Olive, show the woman out.

OLIVE.⁵

Will you come this way, Mrs—I don't know your name.

NELLY.

My name is—Nelly. (*To SKINNER.*) Thank you again and again. You have saved my child's life.

(*Exeunt OLIVE and NELLY.*)⁶

¹ *Rises and stands with back to fire.*

² *Goes to fire.*

³ *Olive crosses R.*

⁴ *Turning to Olive.*

⁵ *At door L.*

⁶ *L. D.*

¹ L. D.

(COOMBE *Enters* ¹ *almost instantaneously, looking scared.*)

SKINNER.

What's the matter now?

COOMBE.

(*Pointing out after NELLY.*) That woman! That woman!

SKINNER.

Well, what of her? What's the matter, man? Have you seen a ghost? ²

² *Crosses to Coombe.*

³ L. C.

COOMBE.³

I knew her again in a moment.

⁴ C.

SKINNER.⁴

Who is she?

COOMBE.

Denver's widow.

SKINNER.

You must be mistaken. How do you know her?

COOMBE.

They pointed her out to me at the inquest on Ware's body. I'm not likely to forget her.

SKINNER.

(*Aside.*) That man's widow here at my door. (*Stands pale and speechless, for a few moments, then in a low, hoarse voice speaks to COOMBE.*) Coombe, you can do this job for me.

COOMBE.

What? What?

SKINNER.

My wife has got a maggot in her brain about that

Hatton Garden—accident. If she finds out that this woman is Denver's widow, she'll make my life a purgatory and the whole business'll leak out.

COOMBE.

What's to be done?

SKINNER.

She's living in that old tumble-down cottage of mine—you know. She can't pay her rent—she's had notice to quit for the last fortnight—go and get some men and turn her and her belongings out of my place.

COOMBE.

All right, leave it to me.

SKINNER.

Do it at once.

COOMBE.

It's done.

(*Exit.*)¹

¹ Door L.

SKINNER.

Denver's widow! Lucky I found it out and can bundle them out. They can do their starving somewhere else—they shan't do it on my property.²

² Music.

(*Exit.*)³

³ Door L.

END OF SCENE I.

SCENE II.⁴

⁴ Lights $\frac{3}{4}$.

SCENE :—NELLY DENVER'S home. Winter. Cottage interior and schoolhouse.⁵

⁵ Music to begin.

(Enter NELLY from inner room of cottage. She pauses at the door and looks in again, speaking as she looks.)

NELLY.

Sleep on, my darling boy! You are happier so. You do not feel you are hungry, and you do not tear your poor mother's heart by begging for the food she has not got to give.

¹ L. U. E.

(Enter JAIKES¹ through stile with bundle of sticks and some coal in an old sack. He is beating himself to keep warm.)

JAIKES.

² Crosses stage.

This is a freezer and no mistake.² (Enters cottage.)

³ R. of table.

NELLY.³

(Eagerly.) Well, Jaikes, any success?

⁴ Hanging his hat on a peg.

JAIKES.⁴

Success, missus, rather! Things is looking up. What do you think? I've been and earned a shilling this afternoon.

NELLY.

(Joyfully.) A shilling, Jaikes?

⁵ L. of table.

JAIKES.⁵

Yes, a whole shilling, straight off! Earned it all in a couple of hours. There it is! (Puts shilling on table.)

NELLY.

Oh, Jaikes, isn't that lucky! I was just wondering whether we should have anything to eat to-night.

JAIKES.

Eat! Lor' bless you, we'll have a reg'lar Lord Mayor's banquet. What did the gentleman say about letting us stay on?

NELLY.

At first he was very hard and cruel and said we

must go, but I went down on my knees to him and begged so hard and wouldn't take 'no,' till he was obliged to say we might stay till Ned was better.

JAIKES.

Bless your sweet, pale face, missus, he must have had a heart made of brickbats if he could have said 'no' to you.¹

¹ Crosses to fire-place R.

NELLY.

And so you see we haven't got to turn out after all, Jaikes.

(JAIKES begins to put sticks and lay fire.)

You have brought some wood and some coals?²

² Gets L. of him.

JAIKES.

Yes; you see it gets a bit chilly towards the evening, and I thought a fire 'ud look cheerful.

NELLY.

Where did you get the firing from, Jaikes?³

³ Gets matches from the mantel-piece.

JAIKES.

I begged it off Bodgers the baker.

NELLY.

Bodgers the baker—that dreadful hard-hearted man?

JAIKES.

Oh, Bodgers is all right once you get the right side of him, though judging from Bodgers 'squint you'd think he was capable of anything,

NELLY.

And how did you manage to get the soft side of him?⁴

⁴ Lights match and gives it to Jaikes.

JAIKES.

Well, I went to work artful; you see, Bodgers's missus is a regular downright tartar.

NELLY.

Is she?

JAIKES.

¹ *Lights fire.*

Oh, yes, she leads Bodgers a dreadful life. It's no wonder he squints ¹ with such a wife as he's got. Well I hangs about the bakehouse and sympathises with Bodgers, and says all the hard things as I could invent about womenkind. Oh, I laid it on thick! ²

² *Rises and puts sack up stage R.*

NELLY.

³ *Kneels by fire.*

But you didn't mean it, Jaikes? ³

⁴ *Coming down L. of table.*

JAIKES. ⁴

Not I, missus. My private opinion of women is as they're angels, you in particular, missus. Well, I kept on helping Bodgers and a sympathising with him, and Bodgers, he says, "I know what you're after, you old vagabond," says he.

NELLY.

He called you an old vagabond?

JAIKES.

Yes, but I didn't take no notice of that.

NELLY.

No, put it down to his ignorance.

JAIKES.

Yes, that's what I did, "You're after a job, you old scarecrow," says he. "Now be off! Get out, 'cos I shan't employ you," and he takes a shilling out of the till and chucks it down at me, and I picks it up and I says, "I takes it, Mr. Bodgers, just to show the respect I've got for you, and 'cos I know you'd be offended if I didn't

NELLY.

That was clever of you, Jaikes, to earn a shilling in that way. ⁵

⁵ *Rises.*

JAIKES.

It was artful, wasn't it? And now, missus, what shall we do with it?¹

¹ *Puts chair R. of table.*

NELLY.²

² *Sits.*

Well, Jaikes, it's your money.

JAIKES.³

³ *Goes L. of table.*

No, missus, I only earned it for you and the dear little master and missy.

NELLY.

Well, what do you think, Jaikes?

JAIKES.

Faggots is cheap and relishing.

NELLY.

I don't think they like faggots.

JAIKES.

No? What do you say to some nice red herrings—soft roe'd 'uns?

NELLY.

Yes, red herrings are nice, but do you think, Jaikes, there is enough support in them for growing children?

JAIKES.

Well, perhaps there ain't, but there's plenty of flavour. (*Suddenly.*) I've got it, missus!

NELLY.

Well, what, Jaikes?

JAIKES.

Saveloys! After all, there's nothing like saveloys, is there? Talk about your partridge, your venison, and your 'are, why, I've tasted saveloys as 'ud give

'em all a start if it came to a question of game. But there, missus, you take the shilling and spend it how you think proper.

¹ *Rises and puts back chair.*

NELLY.¹

You may be sure I shan't forget half an ounce of tobacco.²

² *Puts on her bonnet and shawl.*

JAIKES.

Tobacco—now don't you, missus, I've given up smoking.

NELLY.

Given up smoking, Jaikes?

³ *L. of table.*

JAIKES.³

Yes; you see, missus, there's so many boys have took to it lately—I thought it was about time for men to leave off.⁴

⁴ *Gets to fire.*

NELLY.

Well, I shall insist on your having a good hearty meal with us.

JAIKES.

Now don't you, missus. I ain't hungry. I've been smelling the dinners at Bodgers' all day, and what with his roast beef and Yorkshire pudding, his beefsteak and kidney pie, roast duck and stuffing, I sniffed and sniffed at them till I got a reg'lar attack of indigestion.

NELLY.

Well, if you don't manage to find a great big appetite before I come back, there'll be such a to-do in this house as never was.

JAIKES.

Don't I tell you, missus, I ain't hungry. Now you make haste and get something for Master Ned—by when he wakes.

NELLY.

(*Going to inner door and looking off.*) Look, Jaikes, how pretty he looks in his sleep.

JAIKES.¹

(*Going to inner door.*) Yes, bless his heart. How much he do remind me of—but I mustn't say that, must I? ²

¹ L. of Nelly.

² Drops down L. of table.

NELLY.

Yes, say it, Jaikes—I like to think of him—my dear dead Will! Whatever his faults, he was always the best of husbands to me. (*Crying a little, then wiping away her tears.*) But there, I mustn't cry to-day now we've been so fortunate. Oh, Jaikes, I feel so much happier. I think we shall weather the storm after all.³

³ Gets to R. of table.

JAIKES.

Why, of course we shall, now I can go and earn shillings off-hand like that.

NELLY.

(*Taking JAIKES' hands and swinging them backwards and forwards in her own.*) And the cruel winter will soon be over.

JAIKES.

And the nice warm spring days will come.

NELLY.

And darling Ned will get well and strong again.

JAIKES.

And I shall get lots of work and earn heaps of money.

NELLY.

How happy we shall be!

JAIKES.

Lor' bless you, missus, we shall get on like a house afire now.

NELLY.

Dear old Jaikes! Wait here, Jaikes, I'll be back soon, and then we'll have our Lord Mayor's Banquet all together.

*(Opens door, crossing stage, Exit.)*¹

JAIKES.

¹ L. 2 E.

² Crossing to fire.

Blow up, Bodgers!² *(Poking up fire.)* There! That's a blazing up beautiful. We shall soon have quite a Fifth of November. Master Ned's asleeping as sound as a top—Miss Cissy will be out of school soon and she'll take care of him. I wish I could earn another sixpence. We can't have much of a Lord Mayor's Banquet with a shilling, but with eighteen pence, what a treat we could have. *(Exit from cottage.)*³ I'll try! I'll try! There's life in the old dog yet.

³ Speaks as he crosses stage.

(Exit ⁴ running feebly and beating his arms.)

⁴ L. 2 E.

⁵ L. U. E.

(CHILDREN in school sing the following hymn. After first verse enter DENVER.⁵ He has changed very much, his hair is almost white, and his face worn, his manner grave and subdued. He enters listening to the children's voices. The hymn is sung to the accompaniment of an harmonium.)

1st Verse.

What though my sins as mountains rise
And reach and swell to Heaven,
Yet Mercy is above the skies
I may be still forgiven.

2nd Verse.

Then let me stay in doubt no more
Since there is sure release,
For ever open stands the door,
Repentance, Pardon, Peace.

DENVER.¹

Repentance, Pardon, Peace! The old, old message! The sweet old message! That must be for me—yes, even for me.²

They are coming out. Perhaps I shall be able to get some news of my dear ones. I have tracked them so far, from one wretched home to another—Shall I ever find them, or find them only in the grave?³

(CHILDREN come out of school,⁴ skipping, shouting, laughing, etc. CISSY DENVER comes out among the others; they are laughing, romping, and playing. She stands apart for a moment and then goes timidly up to them.)

CISSY.⁵

Let me play with you!

BIG GIRL.⁶

No, come away from her, girls! Nobody is to speak to her. (To CISSY.) Our fathers and mothers are respectable. Come on, girls!

(*Exeunt all the school-girls but one.*⁷)

(CISSY is left sobbing when the little school-girl who has stayed behind goes up to her and offers CISSY a piece of cake.)

LITTLE GIRL.

There, Cissy, don't you cry. I've got a piece of cake. There—(*Giving cake.*) don't you tell anybody—I love you if the others don't.

(*Kisses CISSY and runs off.*⁸)

DENVER.⁹

Why are you crying, my dear?

CISSY.¹⁰

The girls won't play with me. They won't speak to me.

¹ Sinking on bench L. C.

² Noise of children in school.

³ Retires up stage.

L. 3 R.

⁵ L. C.

⁶ L.

⁷ L. 2 R.

⁸ L. 2 R. Cissy is crying.

⁹ Denver comes down to Cissy.

¹⁰ R. of Denver.

DENVER.

Why how's that? What makes them so cruel?

(*Cissy is silent.*)

Come, tell me all about it. You're not afraid of me, are you?

CISSY.

(*Looking up into his face.*) No, I like you.

DENVER.

That's right. I thought we should get on together. Now tell me all your troubles—why won't they play with you?

CISSY.

(*Looking cautiously round.*) You won't tell anybody, will you?

DENVER.

No, I promise you—it shall be a secret.

CISSY.

(*In a whisper.*) They say my father killed a man.

(*DENVER starts up stung with pain and turns away his face.*)

Ah! that makes you turn away from me.

DENVER.

No! No, my dear, don't think that. Tell me quick—what is your name?

CISSY.

Cissy Denver.

DENVER.

(*Aside.*) My own child! The sins of the father are visited upon the children. Oh, Heaven, is it just? What has this innocent lamb done that she should be hounded for my crime.

CISSY.

Why are you crying?

DENVER.

Never mind me! Never mind me! Where do you live?

CISSY.

(Points.) In here.

DENVER.

In there?

CISSY.

Yes, will you come in? *(Goes inside the cottage, leaves the door open. As soon as she sees the fire, she runs to it.)*

DENVER.

My own little Cissy that I left a toddling baby. *(Enters cottage.)*

CISSY.

(Kneeling by fire and clapping hands.) Oh, look! A fire! A fire! We haven't had a fire for I don't know how long. *(Warms her hands.)*

DENVER.

(At back of table—aside.) In this wretched hole and without a fire! *(Comes to CISSY—aloud.)* Who else lives with you, Cissy?

CISSY.

Mother and Ned, and our old Jaikes. You don't know our old Jaikes. I do love him!

DENVER.

God bless him! Where are the others, Cissy?

CISSY.

I daresay Jaikes has gone to get some work, and mother is in the next room nursing Ned, I'll tell her you're here.¹

¹ *Rises and goes to door at back.*

¹ Gets towards door.

DENVER.¹

² At the door, preparing to go.

No, no, I must go—I have no business here.²

CISSY.

(Who has been to inner door, opened it and looked in.)
No—mother isn't at home. Oh, I know, we can't pay our rent, and she's gone to ask the gentleman to let us stop on for a few days.³

³ At door.

DENVER.

(Aside.) To stay on here!

CISSY.

(Runs to door.) Ned's in there, he's asleep.

(DENVER is going to door to look, CISSY closes door and comes away.)

Hush! you mustn't wake him. He's been very ill.

⁴ L. C.

DENVER.⁴

Ill! Not very ill? Not dangerously ill?

CISSY.

(Goes to him.) Yes, but he's getting better. Won't you sit down and warm yourself. There's only one chair, but you may have that.⁵

⁵ Gets chair, places it n. of table by fire. Dusting chair with pinafore.

DENVER.

(Sits.) May I? And will you come and sit on my knee? (Holds out his arms.) Don't be afraid—come!

CISSY.

(Going to him.) Oh, I'm not a bit afraid of you.

DENVER.

What has been the matter with your little brother?

CISSY.

(Sitting on DENVER'S knee.) The doctor says he

has not had enough to eat. We have been so poor; sometimes we have scarcely had anything for days. Mother tried to get a living by teaching, but when people found out who my father was, they wouldn't let her teach any more.

DENVER.

(*Aside.*) The fiends! (*Aloud.*) But your mother has had some money—some friends have sent her some, eh?

CISSY.

No, she has no friends.

DENVER.

Yes, Cissy, yes—think again. She has had some money sent her?

CISSY.

No; who would send her money?

DENVER.

(*Aside.*) It has never reached her. (*Aloud.*) And does the doctor think your little brother will get better?

CISSY.¹

Yes; if he could have nice things to eat.

DENVER.

So he shall! Everything that money can buy. (*Takes out purse.*) Here, take this, you'll find plenty of money in that.

CISSY.

Is that for mother? Oh, that is kind.

DENVER.

No, my dear, don't say that. Wait a minute. I've got some more money loose in my pocket. (*Taking it out and putting it in purse.*) There, now you've got all my money.

¹ Gets off Denver's knee.

CISSY.

And what will you do without it?

DENVER.

Oh, I've got plenty more at home; and now—
(*Looking hungrily at her and longing to embrace her.*)
I wonder if you'll give me a kiss?

CISSY.

Yes, that I will.

DENVER.

(*Takes her in his arms and kisses her hungrily.*)
Don't take any notice of me, dear—don't mind my
kissing you. I had a little girl of my own once, and
when I kiss you it seems as if she came back to me
again.

CISSY.

She is dead then?

DENVER.

Yes, dead—(*Aside.*)—to me. Suppose, Cissy, that
you—I mean that I—(*Aside.*) I can't say it!

CISSY.

I know I should have been very fond of you if
you had been my father.

DENVER.

(*Clasps her in his arms eagerly and kisses her again
and again.*) God bless you, my darling; you mustn't
mind when your schoolfellows speak unkindly of
your dead father.

CISSY.

I won't—I don't believe it's true. I don't believe
he was a bad man, because if he had been, Jaikes and
mother wouldn't have been so fond of him.

DENVER.

Always think that, my dear, always think that. How thin your clothes are, dear. (*He takes his muffler off and puts it round Cissy.*) There, dear, that will keep a little of the cold out.

CISSY.

Oh, isn't it pretty?

DENVER.

There, now run and find your mother and give her that purse.

CISSY.¹

And who shall I tell her gave it to me?

DENVER.

Say somebody gave it to you who happened to see you and thought you were like a little girl he had lost, and say, too, that—(*Breaking down, aside.*) Oh, my wife, if I could but send you one word from my living grave!

CISSY.

Yes, what else shall I say?

DENVER.

(*Rising.*) I dare not! No, dear, there is no other message. Your mother does not know me. (*Kisses her.*) Run along, dear, make haste and tell her of your good fortune.

CISSY.

Yes, that I will! (*Coming out of cottage.*) She's gone to Mr. Skinner's—that nice big house across the field.

(*Exit.*)²

DENVER.

(*Following her to door.*) Run on then, my brave

¹ *Getting round
L. of table.*

² L. 2 E.

little queen. (*He watches her off and then looks carefully and cautiously round.*) My boy, I must see my boy! (*Re-enters cottage cautiously.*) Just one look, one kiss, nobody is about.

² L. : R.

(DENVER goes into inner room, is absent a few moments then returns in tears. JAIKES Enters¹ rubbing his hands to warm them.)

² Crossing stage.

JAIKES.²

³ Goes up to stile.

Artfulness ain't done it this time. Not a blessed ha'penny! Whew! it gets colder and colder.³ I wonder where the missy is?

DENVER.

(*Coming out.*) My little baby boy that I left, grown so thin, so pale, so wasted—is there no end to my sin, no end to its bitter fruit? (*Sees JAIKES—aside.*) Jaikes!

JAIKES.

Hillo! What are you doing in there?

⁴ R.

DENVER.⁴

(*Turns away his face from JAIKES and muffles it partly with his cape so that JAIKES does not see his features.*) Excuse my intrusion, I was passing your cottage and happened to come in. I take a great interest in the sick poor. There's a little boy in that room—he's dangerously ill—send for the doctor to see him at once. Have the best advice you can get and give him some nourishing food, the best of everything. (*Still keeping his face averted from JAIKES and speaking in slightly disguised tones.*)

⁵ L. of Denver
up stage.

JAIKES.⁵

Oh, yes, that's all very well, but where's the money to come from?

DENVER.

(*Aside.*) Cissy has my purse. (*Aloud.*) I will pay for whatever is required. I have just given away all

the money I have about me, but you can have the bills sent in to me. John Franklin, Kensington Gardens, London.

JAIKES.

Oh, yes, it's likely I can get tick on the strength o' that, ain't it? A pound of tea and a quartern loaf and put it down to Mr. John Franklin, Kensington Gardens, London.

DENVER.

Do as I tell you—you will find it all right.

JAIKES.

Who is Mr. John Franklin? If you want to help us, why don't you give us some money and let's have a look at your face? (*Peers round DENVER'S muffler and recognises him.*) Master Will! (*Drops on his knees.*) Master Will! God forgive me! It's Master Will come back from the dead. Say it's really you, Master Will!

DENVER.

Yes, it is I, come back, as you say from the dead. My wife! Is she well? How is she? Has she suffered much? Does she ever speak of me?

JAIKES.

Oh, Master Will, I can't tell you what she's had to go through. It's been a terrible hard fight for her, but she's borne up like a angel. Oh, sir, you've come back at the right time. We're nearly starving.

DENVER.¹

Starving? That's all over now. I'm rich, Jaikes, I'm rich! When I left England I went to the Silver Mines of Nevada—I had to struggle hard at first and could only send you a few dollars—I was almost starving myself, but one morning I struck a rich vein of silver; to-day I'm richer than I can count; and then I sent you a thousand dollars, and so—none of it reached you?

¹ *Helps Jaikes to seat on bench*
C.

JAIKES.

No, sir, you see we've changed our home so often and she always took care not to leave our address for fear—

¹ L. of Jaikes.

DENVER.¹

For fear my wretched story should follow you, I see.

JAIKES.

Ah, sir, don't say any more about that—that's all past now. Oh, don't you mind my crying, sir; to see you come back like this is too much for me—I can't believe it, sir. (*Rises.*) And Miss Nelly—she'll go mad with joy.

DENVER.

She must not know, Jaikes.

JAIKES.

Not know? Not tell her, Master Will?

DENVER.

Not yet! Not yet. Listen, Jaikes, I have come back to England with one thought, with one resolve—to make her happy. Whatever happens to me, that I will do. Shall I ask her to share my nightmare of a life, put her on a ceaseless rack of anxiety and suspense, torture her as I am tortured? Heaven forbid!

JAIKES.

But surely, Master Will, you are safe after all these years?

DENVER.

I shall never be safe till I stand in the dock to answer for my crime—I shall be safe then. I've started a hundred times to give myself up, but I have always been held back by the thought that I was not myself that night; but it will come, Jaikes.

JAIKES.

What will come, sir?

DENVER.

Detection. It may be to-morrow, or it may not be for years, but it will come, and if I were to join her, suspicion would be aroused at once. I might be discovered, dragged from her side, tried, condemned and hanged.

JAIKES.

Master Will! But if missus could but know. If she could but know.

DENVER.

Not yet Jaikes. Listen, you shall take her from this poverty and put her in her old home with everything that money can buy, and then, when I have made her rich, cheerful, contented, I will ask myself whether I may dare to throw the shadow of my life across her happiness. In the meantime, promise me, swear to me that she shall not know.

JAIKES.

Why, of course, Master Will, if you wishes it.

DENVER.

Jaikes, I must see her—I am dying to look on her dear face, to hear one word from her lips—to see her without being seen.

JAIKES.

That's easily managed. Stand here,¹ you'll be able to see her and hear her and she'll never be none the wiser.

¹ Indicating exterior of cottage window.

DENVER.

God bless you, my dear old Jaikes, for all your kindness. God bless you, I shall never be able to repay you.

JAIKES.

¹ Music.

There now, don't you talk nothing about that, Master Will. Why, to see you come back like this pays me fifty times over. I allus said you would. (*Crying with joy.*) I allus said—¹ (*Looks off.*) Here comes Miss Nelly.

² L. 2 E.

(DENVER and JAIKES go up and get behind cottage. Enter NELLY,² crosses stage and goes into cottage.)

DENVER.

(*Coming from behind.*) My wife! My poor wife!

(NELLY in cottage puts her purchases on table.)

NELLY.

³ Goes up to door of inner room, looks inside, shows content and shuts door.

There, my precious ones, you shall have a meal to-night at any rate.³ I wonder where Jaikes and Cissy are?⁴

⁴ Takes off bonnet and shawl and hangs them up.

DENVER.

My own Nell, the girl who left her own bright home to follow my cursed fortunes. Oh, if I look another moment I must rush to her and hold her in my arms!

⁵ L. 2 E.

(Enter OLIVE, quickly⁵ crosses stage and enters cottage. DENVER retires behind cottage and comes out again after she has entered.)

⁶ Standing L. by table.

OLIVE.⁶

I am the bearer of bad news. My husband has repented of his kindness. He will not let you stay here.

⁷ R. of table.

NELLY.⁷

Not let me stay here?

OLIVE.

No—since you left him he has learned who you are. He has found out that you are the wife of a—

(DENVER turns aside as if stabbed with pain.)

NELLY.

(Checks OLIVE.) Ah no, no, for pity's sake don't say it. I have heard the word so often. Yes, it is true—I am the widow of such a man, and for that I am to be punished, it seems. (*Sobbing.*)

OLIVE.

Who knows it is true? Who knows that your husband did really kill that man?

DENVER.

(*Eagerly.*) What's that?

NELLY.

Why, what doubt can there be?

OLIVE.

It was never proved. He was never tried. Who knows but that there might have been some terrible mistake?

DENVER.

(*Outside.*) Some terrible mistake?

NELLY.

What do you mean? What do you know?

OLIVE.

(*Recovering herself quickly.*) Nothing—I thought it might comfort you to think your husband was innocent. It could do no harm now that he is dead; but I am forgetting my errand. I came here to help you and I dare not stay. (*Takes out purse.*)

(COOMBE'S voice heard off.)¹

¹ L. 2 E.

COOMBE.

(*Outside.*) You can wait here. Be ready if I want you.

(COOMBE *Enters*,² as DENVER *hears and sees* COOMBE, *he retires.*)³

² L. 2 E.

³ L. U. E.

COOMBE.

But we'll try persuasion first. (*Enters cottage.*)

DENVER.¹

The man who showed me into Geoffrey Ware's room that dreadful night. What does it mean?

OLIVE.

There are three pounds five shillings. It is all I have.

(*Takes money out of purse and shows it empty.*

COOMBE, who has entered unseen by NELLY or OLIVE, gets to back of table and picks up money.)

COOMBE.

It won't be necessary, ma'am. I'll take it to your husband. Your husband wants you—you'd better go. (*Holds door of cottage open for OLIVE.*)

OLIVE.

Oh, if he were not my husband!

(*Exit quickly from cottage and crosses stage, going off.*)²

COOMBE.

(*Calling after her.*) Ah! you shouldn't have took your place for life. (*Shuts door and turns to NELLY.*)

DENVER.

What now? If I stop this ruffian he'll call his men and there may be a disturbance, and I may be involved. What can I do?

COOMBE.

Now, my dear good lady,³ there's a pleasant way of doing things and a unpleasant, and I always try the pleasant way first.

¹ Coming away from cottage.

² L. 2 E.

³ L. of table.

NELLY.

Oh, don't make any words about it. You have come to turn me out, is it not so?

COOMBE.

Oh, dear no. I've only come to ask you in the kindest manner possible to pay your rent. Three pounds five shillings.

NELLY.

How can I pay it? I haven't a shilling in the world, and you know I haven't.¹

¹ R. of table.

DENVER.

(*Outside.*) Where is Cissy? Where is the money?

COOMBE.

Ah, that's a pity! Because as you can't pay you must go.

NELLY.

No, no! Let me stay to-night—only to-night. I will go to-morrow morning. My child is in that room very ill, and if he is moved in this bitter weather, it will kill him. Let me stay to-night, I will do no harm.

COOMBE.

Now look here, my dear good lady—it's no good your begging and praying to me, 'cos go you must.

NELLY.

Oh, is there no tenderness, no pity on the earth!²

² Going up stage.

COOMBE.³

Now, look sharp! Are you going to pack up?

³ Gets round front of table to fire.

NELLY.

Yes, yes, give me a little time, I will go. (*Goes into inner room, re-entering almost immediately very determinedly.*) No, I will not go. My child is sleep-

ing. He is getting better, I will not wake him and take him into the bitter cold to kill him. (*She bolts the door and stands with her back to it.*)

COOMBE.

(*Stands with his back to fire.*) Will you go quietly, or shall I have to send for my men to turn you out?

NELLY.

I tell you I will not go. Go back and tell your master that here I stay—I and my children—till he drags our bodies out and flings them into the streets.

COOMBE.

Oh very well, we must try the unpleasant way then.¹

NELLY.²

Merciful Father, help me now!

DENVER.

(*Outside.*) I can bear it no longer,

(*Comes to door, is about to open it when CISSY³ runs to him.*)

Quick, my child, give your mother the money! (*Pushes her through doorway. He has opened the door.*)

CISSY.⁴

Mother, look what the kind gentleman gave me!

NELLY.

(*Seizes money eagerly.*) An angel from Heaven has sent it.⁵

To COOMBE, as she throws money on the table.) Here, take your money! Now you go! (*Points to door.*)

(COOMBE baffled, picks up money.)

END OF ACT III.

¹ Goes towards door.

² Getting to R. of table.

³ Enters L. 2 L.

⁴ Running to R. of Nelly.

⁵ Music.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.¹

SCENE :²—Room in DENVER'S house, Kensington Gardens. Doors right and left. Window to left.

(Enter FRANK SELWYN showing in BAXTER.³

BAXTER.⁴

Mr. John Franklin not in, eh?

SELWYN.⁵

No. I am his private secretary.

BAXTER.

(Looking at him keenly.) Oh! you are his private secretary? (Aside.) This is the young sprig I'm after.

SELWYN.

Perhaps I might do.

BAXTER.

No. I think not. When can I see Mr. Franklin?

SELWYN.

It's uncertain. What's your business?

BAXTER.

That's my business! I'll wait. (Turns back to audience and stands looking at picture on wall, whistling.)

¹ Music to open.

² Lights full up.

³ Left.

⁴ L.

⁵ R.

SELWYN.

(*Aside, looking at BAXTER.*) Can he have come about that cursed cheque? It must come sooner or later. Mr. Franklin must find me out, find out that I have repaid his goodness by robbing him, returned his trust by forging his name!

BAXTER.

(*Turning round.*) I suppose you've got a nice comfortable berth as Mr. Franklin's private secretary?

SELWYN.

Yes.

BAXTER.

Very rich man, isn't he?

SELWYN.

Very.

BAXTER.

Made his money in Silver Mining, didn't he?

SELWYN.

Yes.

BAXTER.

Ah! so I've heard. Went to bed one night a common miner, and the next a millionaire.

SELWYN.

I've heard so. They call him the Silver King.

BAXTER.

Gives a lot of money away, doesn't he?

SELWYN.

His whole life is spent in doing good. He's as noble and generous as he is rich.

BAXTER.

Ah! employs you to look after the deserving cases—trusts you with his purse, and his cheque book occasionally, eh?

SELWYN.

(*Wildly.*) What do you mean?

BAXTER.

Nothing, only you must take care he doesn't get imposed on. (*Aside.*) It's all right—the young idiot!

SELWYN.

(*Aside.*) It must come!

(*Enter DENVER.*)¹

¹ *Right.*

DENVER.

Somebody wishes to see me, Frank?

BAXTER.

Mr. John Franklin? (*Looking at DENVER.*)

DENVER.²

² *Comes C.*

Yes, I am John Franklin. What do you want?

BAXTER.³

³ *L.*

I beg pardon. That is my card. (*Giving card.*) Sam Baxter, Scotland Yard. (*Aside, as DENVER takes card.*) I've seen you before somewhere, my gentleman.

DENVER.

(*Wincing under BAXTER'S steady gaze.*) Well, what is your business? I must beg you to make haste as I have to catch a train into the country.

BAXTER.

Then I'll come to the point at once.

(*Opens his pocket-book, takes out papers.* SELWYN is going, BAXTER stops him.)

Mr. Private Secretary, you needn't go. We may want you. (*Aside, looking at papers.*) Now where have I seen you before, Mr. Franklin? (*Aloud, taking a cheque from pocket-book.*) Oh, here it is!

SELWYN.

(*Aside.*) The cheque I forged!

BAXTER.

You bank at the County and Metropolitan?

DENVER.

Yes.

BAXTER.

This cheque was presented yesterday for payment in the ordinary way. The clerk refused to cash it, detained the presenter and sent for you immediately. You were not at home, and so the affair was placed in my hands.

(DENVER comprehends the situation, and as SELWYN makes a movement as if to speak, stops him with a look of caution and silences him.)

DENVER.

(*To BAXTER.*) Give me the cheque.

(BAXTER gives cheque, DENVER looks at it.)

Well?

BAXTER.

That signature, sir?

DENVER.

Well?

BAXTER.

Is it in your handwriting, sir?¹

DENVER.

Yes, it's quite right.

¹ Selwyn makes a movement as if to speak but Denver stops him with a glance.

(SELWYN gives sigh and shows immense relief, and is about to blab out his gratitude. DENVER stops him with a look.)

Yes, the signature is a little awkward. I must have been in a hurry.

(BAXTER still looks incredulous.)

Do you doubt me?

BAXTER.

Oh, no, sir, if you say so, sir, of course it's all right—if you wrote the cheque—why, there's an end of the matter, isn't there, sir?

DENVER.

I think so. You may take the cheque back to the bank, tell the cashier it is all right. If necessary I'll call at the bank to-morrow and make the matter right. Will you accept a five-pound note for your trouble?¹

¹ Gives Baxter note.

BAXTER.

Thank you, sir, and if ever you should want my assistance in any little matter of business, sir, I shall be happy to oblige you, sir, and to keep my mouth shut. (*In putting the note in his pocket he intentionally drops a piece of paper.*)

DENVER.

Thank you, I have your card.

BAXTER.

(*Aside to DENVER.*) Keep your eye on that youngster—he's got mixed up with a bad lot. (*Aloud.*) Good day, Mr. Franklin.²

² Going L.

DENVER.

Good day, Mr. Baxter. (*Turns to SELWYN.*)

BAXTER.

(*Glancing back at DENVER aside.*) I've had you through my hands somewhere. (*Exit.*)³

³ Left.

¹ *Denver crosses to Selwyn and puts his hand on his shoulder.*

² *Crosses to R.*

DENVER.¹

Don't do it again, my boy, don't do it again!²

SELWYN.

I never will, sir! Oh, sir, your kindness breaks my heart! I've been such a bad fellow, sir! I don't deserve that you should forgive me. I shall be ashamed to meet you in the future, sir.

DENVER.

I hope not. This was your first step downwards, pray that it may be your last.

SELWYN.

It shall! It shall!

DENVER.

Remember, I still trust you!

³ *Right door.*

*(Exit.)*³

SELWYN.

I'll make a fresh start to-day. God bless him!

⁴ *R. door.*

*(Exit.)*⁴

⁵ *Door L.*

*(Re-Enter BAXTER.)*⁵

BAXTER.

I beg pardon, I must have dropped a paper here! Nobody here! *(Picks up the paper he had previously dropped, creeps to the window and looks out.)* There goes Mr. Franklin in a cab. Drives off! Now when and where have I had that man through my hands? Deuce take my memory! *(Comes slowly away from window.)* Dear! Dear! *(Snaps his fingers and taps his forehead to aid his memory in crossing the stage, stops suddenly.)* Good heavens! Yes! that's the man! Derby night four years ago! The Skittle Alley at the "Wheatsheaf"—the revolver, whew! Here's a find! John Franklin, millionaire, philanthropist and

Silver King, an unhung murderer. The hair grown grey but the same face. By Jove! What a catch for me!¹

¹ *Music.*

(Exit very swiftly and with great animation.)

END OF SCENE I.

SCENE II.²

² *Lights full up.*

(Exterior of The Grange.)

(Discover OLD VILLAGE PEOPLE. JAIKES enters³ very respectably dressed.)

³ *L. U. R.*

JAIKES.

Well, Gaffer Pottle! Mrs. Gammage! Hillo, Tabby!

GAFFER.⁴

⁴ *R.*

(An ancient decrepit villager.) My humble respects, Muster Jaikes. *(Turning to TABBY.)* Curtsey, Tabitha! Curtsey! Curtsey, you old fool! Don't you know Muster Jaikes is Master of the Grange and Lord of the Manor?

TABBY.⁵

⁵ *R. C.*

Ah, Daniel Jaikes and me was brought up together. I ain't going to curtsey to Dan'l Jaikes. I'm going to shake hands with him.⁶ Don't you remember how fond we was of one another when we was boy and girl together, eh, Dan'l dear?

⁶ *Crosses to C.*

JAIKES.⁷

⁷ *C.*

No, I don't. It's too many years ago—and don't call me Dan'l.⁸ *(Aside.)* Tabby's a setting her cap at me again, I must put a stop to that.

⁸ *Tabby goes up stage.*

GAFFER.

I hopes Miss Nelly is pretty tolerable?

JAIKES.

Oh, she's all right ! Your dinner ain't ready yet. You can wait here a few minutes, and mind you all behaves yourselves ! (*Very severely to TABBY.*) Tabby, let those flowers alone. I'll tell Mrs. Denver you have arrove.

¹ L. 3 R.

(*Exit JAIKES.*)¹

GAFFER.

Dan'l Jaikes seems to be rather 'igh and mighty now he's come into his fortin' !

² L.

MRS. G.²

Ah ! Fancy Dan'l Jaikes coming and buying the Grange and being Lord of the Manor, and bringing Miss Nelly back to live in it.

GAFFER.

I can't make out who this here Uncle Samiwell was as has died and left Dan'l all this money.

MRS. G.

Aye, Dan'l never had no Uncle Samiwell as ever I heered on.

³ *Coming down stage.*

TABBY.³

Ah, you folks don't know nothin' about it. Dan'l's master of the Grange, ain't he ? And I wouldn't say as I mightn't be missus afore long.

GAFFER.

I wouldn't say as you mightn't, Tabby. Pigs might fly, but I've kep' pigs for up'ards of fifty years, and I never see 'm make a start.

MRS. G.

No, Tabby, Muster Jaikes didn't seem to be no-ways particler smit with you just now.

GAFFER.

Aye, aye, Tabby, you've had three husbands and buried 'em all. You let well alone.¹

(Enter from house² NELLY well dressed, with CISSY³ and NED⁴ clinging to her, one on each side. JAIKES following them. Old People bow and curtsey.)

NELLY.⁵

Well, you have come, all of you, that's right. How do you do, all of you? (*Shaking hands with some of them.*) How do you do, Tabby?

TABBY.⁶

We're all well and hearty, thank you kindly, and we be mortal glad to see you back at the Grange again, bain't we, Gaffer?

GAFFER.

Aye, we didn't like they folks as come here when you and Muster Denver left.

MRS. G.⁷

They was mean, they was.

TABBY.

Aye, no beef and coals at Christmas, no pea soup, no blankets, no flannel petticoats, no nothing!

(CISSY runs off into shrubbery.)⁸

GAFFER.

Aye, we knowed when you come back, Miss Nelly, there'd be plenty for everybody.

NELLY.

I hope so. You see, my friends, I have known what it is to be poor myself. Since I left you I have heard my children cry for bread, indeed, if it were not for the kindness of my old friend here—

(Indicating JAIKES, who shuffles about and looks very uncomfortable.)

¹ Music.

² L. U. E.

³ R.

⁴ L.

⁵ C.

⁶ R. C.

⁷ L.

⁸ Cissy runs off with Ned R. 2 E.

¹ L.JAIKES.¹

Yes, yes, missus! We'll drop the subject.

NELLY.

No, we will not. You know I owe everything to you. (*To the old people.*) Go and have your dinner, all of you. You'll find it ready in the hall. It is Jaikes that provides it for you, not I. First thank the Giver of all good, and then thank our dear old Jaikes.²

² Crosses to seat
R. C. and sits.

JAIKES.

No, no, I won't be thanked!

³ L. U. E.(*Hurries them into house.*)³

Be off, you old verminths, be off!

(*TABBY stops behind.*)

Now, Tabby!

NELLY.

What do you want?

⁴ L. of Nelly.TABBY.⁴

(*Curtseying to NELLY.*) Oh! if you please, Miss Nelly, we liked that bit of beef you sent us so much. The next time we hopes it'll be a little larger and not quite so fat. And I'm getting short o' tea and candles, and a little drop of gin is comforting after washing all day. And my best gown's wore out.

⁵ L. of Tabby.JAIKES.⁵

Good job too! I wish it was your tongue instead.

NELLY.

Very well, Tabby, I won't forget you.

JAIKES.

Now will you be off and get your dinner, or else you shan't have none! Be off! (*Hurries her off.*)

⁶ L. U. E.(*Exit TABBY.*)⁶

The old hussy ! You mustn't let her impose on you, missus.

NELLY.

Ah, Jaikes, it is for you to say—you are master here.

JAIKES.¹

¹ c.

Yes, yes—of course, so I am—I forgot that ! Still, you know, missus, all this money is, as you may say, yours.

NELLY.

Mine, Jaikes ?

JAIKES.

Yes, you see my Uncle Samuel left particular instructions in his will—well, never mind my Uncle Samuel, we'll drop the subject. Ain't you 'appy now you're back in your old home, missus ?

NELLY.

Yes, Jaikes, I am happy ! (*Sighs.*)

JAIKES.

Quite happy. Missus ?

NELLY.

(*Sighs.*) Yes, Jaikes, happier than I ever hoped to be.

JAIKES.

There's some'ut, missus ! I can see—something you miss, now, ain't there ? Tell the truth.

NELLY.

Yes, Jaikes, there is.

JAIKES.

What is it, missus ? I've ordered 'em to lay out the garden just as it used to be and to plant a new chestnut tree where the old 'un was blown down—

NELLY.

It isn't that, Jaikes.

JAIKES.

The old fish-pond as they folks filled up—I'll have it dug out again?

NELLY.

Ah, no, don't trouble about that.

JAIKES.

Then what is it, missus? You shall have it if it costs a mint of money.¹

¹ Music.

NELLY.

Oh, Jaikes, can't you see what it is? I'm back in my old home without the man who made it all dear to me—without my Will! Oh, I love him still—yes, I love him as much to-day as the day I married him in the church yonder. It was under this tree I promised to be his wife. Oh, Jaikes, I remember it as if it were yesterday. Everything here, every tree, every brick in the old house, every little nook and corner brings back to me his dear handsome face until I can sometimes hardly stop myself from running all through the grounds and fields and calling out "Will! Will! come back to me, come back to me, if it were but for a moment!" Now you know what it is I miss in my old home, my husband's love—and you can't give that back to me, Jaikes, no, no, not that, not that! *(Exit.)*²

² L. 2 R.

JAIKES.

(Looking after her.) Can't I? Oh, yes, I can, and I will, too, this very day! I've wrote and told him I can't keep his secret no longer—he's on his way to you now as fast as the train can bring him! You wait a bit, missus, and I'll dry up them tears for you! You shall be the happiest woman in England afore this day's over, that you shall! Make haste, Master Will, make haste and come!

³ L. 3 R.

⁴ Jaikes has his back to Tabby who taps him on the back.

*(Re-Enter TABBY.)*³

Hillo! what now, Tabby?⁴

TABBY.

(Very affectionately.) Oh, Dan'l dear! I'm so glad you've come back again. Ain't you glad to be back among your old friends, Dan'l dear?

JAIKES.

(Cautiously edging from her.) Yes—yes—mid-dling!

TABBY.

Don't you remember when we used to go cow-slipping, eh, Dan'l?

JAKES.¹

¹ R. C.

(Resolutely.) No, I never went cowslippin' along of you, Tabby.

TABBY.²

² C.

Oh, yes, you did, Dan'l. And our games at hide and seek?

JAIKES.

No!

TABBY.

Oh, yes, Dan'l, I used to hide and you used to try and find me.

JAIKES.

Oh, no, Tabby! I used to hide and you used to try and find me!

TABBY.

Oh, Dan'l, you don't know how fond I've allays been of you, and now you're gettin' old and I'm gettin' old—

JAIKES.

Yes, you are, Tabby, and precious ugly into the bargain!

TABBY.

And I've been thinking how nice it 'ud be if we could end our days together.

JAIKES.

I'm much obliged, Tabby, but I don't want to end my days just at present.

TABBY.

Ah, but, Dan'l dear—me to take care of you and nurse you up, and you to take care of me and nurse me up—wouldn't that be nice?

JAIKES.

(Resolutely.) No, no, you might like it; but I ain't ambitious, Tabby, I'm very content as I am.

TABBY.

Ah, Dan'l—you've never been married.

JAIKES.

And you have—three times.

TABBY.

And the best of wives I've made, I'm sure. Ask my three good men else.

JAIKES.

It 'ud be a sin to disturb 'em now they've got a bit of peace.

TABBY.

And I should make a better wife now than ever.

JAIKES.

You ought, Tabby, you've had plenty of experience.

TABBY.

(Taking his arm affectionately.) Well, then, what do you say, lovey—when shall we be married?

JAIKES.

(Aghast.) Married! Me marry you! Why, you old Mormon,¹ you old female Henry the Eighth!

¹ Tabby starts back horrified.

You old wolf in sheep's clothing! You—you, you old Bluebeard in petticoats! Me marry you! Never! Never! Be off with you! Be off! (*Frightens her off.*)

(*Exit TABBY.*)¹

¹ L. 2 E.

I've had a narrow squeak that time!

(*Enter CISSY with flowers.*)²

² R. 2 E.

CISSY.

Look, Jaikes, for mamma! Aren't they pretty? Oh, Jaikes, it was kind of you to bring us to this beautiful home!

JAIKES.

Ah! it ain't me, little missy, it isn't me as is doing it at all!³

³ *Exit Cissy*
L. 2 E.

(*DENVER*⁴ *appears at gate.*)

⁴ *Enters R. U. E.*

DENVER.

Jaikes!

JAIKES.

Master Will!

DENVER.

Is anybody about? Can I come in?

JAIKES.

Yes, come in, Master Will! Miss Nelly's gone to give her poor people their dinner and I'm all alone.⁵

Denver comes down C.

DENVER.

You're sure I shan't be seen?

JAIKES.⁶

⁶ L. of *Denver*.

No fear, sir, I'll keep a good look out.

DENVER.

How is she? Is she quiet well and happy—and the children?

JAIKES.

Yes, they're all quite well. Oh, Master Will, I'm so glad you've come. I can't hold out much longer! Uncle Samuel has got me into a dreadful mess! I wish we hadn't invented him. And then there's all that money as you sent her anenonymously from America.

DENVER.

Yes?

JAIKES.

Well, it didn't turn up while we was starving, but now we're rolling in money and it's a nuisance, it all turns up as bold as brass. Oh, Master Will, don't hide it from her no longer—tell her as you're alive—you wait here—I'll go and fetch her to you.

DENVER.

Stop, Jaikes, you mustn't go!

JAIKES.

Master Will, when you brought her back here and spent all that money to make the old place just like it used to be when she was a girl, you thought you was going to make her happy, didn't you?

DENVER.¹

And have I not made her happy? What more can I do?

JAIKES.

Why, sir, don't you see—home ain't four walls and the ceiling and the furniture—home's the place where them as loves us is—and it was you what made this place home for her, and she's breaking her heart 'cause it's her home no longer.

DENVER.

Jaikes, I will tell you why my wife must not know that I am alive, and when I have told you never speak of it again. Last night I went down to the river to a place owned by that man Coombe.

Crosses slowly to seat R. of Jaikes. Jaikes close to L. of seat.

JAIKES.

What, the man as was going to turn the missus out?

DENVER.

Yes, I've been following him up for the last six months, ever since I recognised him as the man that showed me into Geoffrey Ware's room that night. Just as drowning men catch at straws, I have caught at the straw of a hope that I might find out something. I don't know what—something that might give me a right to believe that I did not shed that man's blood—

JAIKES.

Ah, how happy it would make her!

DENVER.

And so night after night I go to that place and watch, and watch, and watch. I've tried to get in, all in vain, it's a hopeless task. Well, when I got back last night, I found your letter waiting for me—begging me to make myself known to my wife. I read the letter again and again, and the more I tried to persuade myself that for her dear sake I must keep silence, the more my heart cried out "I must have her! I will have her! If I die for it, she shall be my own again!" And then I thought I would take her out to Nevada, to the city that I have built, where every man would shed his blood for me, and every child is taught to reverence the name of John Franklin. "There," I thought, "I shall be free from the past, safe from the law—there," I said, "we will live the rest of our days honored, happy, beloved, in peace with ourselves and all the world." And so I spent half the night planning out a happy future with her and my children. Oh, Jaikes, I was so happy—I couldn't sleep for joy of it, and when at last I put my head on my pillow, my one thought was "To-morrow I will tell her I am alive! To-morrow I will take her in my arms and call her my wife again!"

JAIKES.

And so you shall, Master Will! Let me fetch her to you! Let me fetch her to you!

DENVER.

Stay! I fell asleep, Jaikes—do you know what a murderer's sleep is? It's the waking time of conscience! It's the whipping-post she ties him to while she lashes and stings his poor helpless guilty soul! Sleep! It's a bed of spikes and harrows! It's a precipice over which he falls sheer upon the jags and forks of memory! It's a torchlight procession of devils, raking out every infernal sewer and cranny of his brain! It's ten thousand mirrors dangling round him to picture and re-picture to him nothing but himself. Sleep—oh! God, there is no hell like a murderer's sleep!¹ That's, what my sleep has been these four years past. I fell asleep last night and I dreamed that we were over in Nevada and we were seated on a throne, she and I;² and it was in a great hall of Justice, and a man was brought before me charged with a crime; and just as I opened my mouth to pronounce sentence upon him, Geoffrey Ware came up out of his grave, with his eyes staring, staring, staring, as they stared at me on that night, and as they will stare at me till I die, and he said, "Come down! Come down! you whited sepulchre! How dare you sit in that place to judge men?" And he leapt up in his grave—close to the throne where I was—and seized me by the throat and dragged me down, and we struggled and fought like wild beasts—we seemed to be fighting for years—and at last I mastered him, and held him down and wouldn't let him stir.³ And then I saw a hand coming out of the sky, a long, bony hand with no flesh on it, and nails like eagle's claws, and it came slowly—⁴ out of the sky, reaching for miles it seemed, slowly, slowly it reached down to the very place where I was, and it fastened on my heart, and it took me and set me in the justice hall in the prisoner's dock, and when I looked at my judge, it was Geoffrey Ware! And I cried out for mercy, but

¹ *Holding
Jaikes' hand.*

² *Releases
Jaikes' hand
and rises.*

³ *Sits again.*

⁴ *Raising his
hand.*

there was none! And the hand gripped me again as a hawk grips a wren, and set me on the gallows, and I felt the plank fall from my feet, and I dropped dropped, dropped—and I awoke!¹

¹ *Puts his hand across his eyes.*

JAIKES.

For mercy's sake, Master Will.—

DENVER.

Then I knew that the dream was sent for a message to tell me that though I should fly to the uttermost ends of the earth—² as high as the stars are above, or as deep as the deepest sea bed is below, there is no hiding-place for me, no rest, no hope, no shelter, no escape!³

² *Holding Jaikes' arm.*

³ *Drops into garden seat and sobs.*

(*A pause. CISSY runs on.*)⁴

⁴ *L. 2 E.*

CISSY.

Jaikes, who's that?

(DENVER *looks up and strives to hide his tears.*)

Oh! it's you! (*She runs to him and sits on his left knee.*) You've come to see us in our new home! But you are crying—what's the matter? Are you unhappy?

DENVER.

(*Putting his arms round her.*) Not now, Cissy—not now! Not now!

CISSY.

Jaikes, do you know the kind gentleman?

JAIKES.

(*Who has gone up stage and keeping watch looking off.*) No, missy, no!

CISSY.

I'm so glad you've come! You shall come and live with us, will you?

DENVER.

What would you do with me?

CISSY.

You shall play with Ned and me. We've got a rocking horse and soldiers, and lots of things.

DENVER.

What games we could have, couldn't we?

CISSY.

(Clapping her hands.) Yes! Oh, do stay, will you! Do! Do!

DENVER.

And your mother?

CISSY.

Oh, I know she'd be glad to have you. She's always talking about you and wondering who you are. Who are you?

DENVER.

Who am I?

CISSY.

Yes, tell me—tell me true!

DENVER.

Well, I'm a king.

CISSY.

But what king are you?

DENVER.

I'm the Silver King! At least that's what men call me.

JAIKES.

(Looking off.) The other way, Gaffer Pottle—this *(Calls out severely)* is private! *(Looking at DENVER warningly.)*

DENVER.

(Starting up.) I must go—good-bye, Cissy!
(Kisses her.)

CISSY.

(*Holding DENVER'S hand.*) No, no, you mustn't go! Mamma does want to see you so badly! Wait here! I'll go and fetch her.

(*Runs off to house calling.*)¹

Mamma!

JAIKES.²

Master Will, won't you stay?

DENVER.

No, Jaikes—let me go! Not a word, for her sake! Let me go! (*Exit quickly*)³

(*Enter CISSY.*)⁴

CISSY.⁵

Come on, mamma! (*Looks round.*) Where is he, Jaikes?

(*Enter NELLY.*)⁶

NELLY.⁷

Where is he?

JAIKES.

Where's who, missus?⁸

NELLY.

The gentleman who was here who gave the purse to Cissy.

JAIKES.

Oh, yes, missus, there was a gentleman here, but as—as he was rather pressed for time he had to go—to—to—catch his train.

NELLY.

(*Going up towards gate.*) Why did you let him go, Jaikes, when you knew how much I wanted to thank him? He can't have got far—I'll go after him.

(*Is preparing to go after DENVER, JAIKES goes before her.*)

¹ L. U. R.

² L. C.

³ R. U. R.

⁴ From house.

⁵ C.

⁶ From house.

⁷ L.

⁸ R.

JAIKES.

No, don't you go, missus! I'll run after him and bring him back. I shall catch him before he gets to the station.

¹ R. U. E.

(Exit JAIKES¹ after DENVER.)

NELLY.

² R. C. Cissy is at gate looking after Jaikes.

(At gate, slowly comes down to seat.)² Who can it be, this unknown friend, this silent, unseen protector, this guardian who is ever watching over my path? Cissy,³ what was the gentleman like?

³ Cissy comes down to her mothers and stands L. of her.

CISSY.

Oh, he was a very nice old gentleman!

NELLY.

Old?

CISSY.

Oh, yes, his hair was nearly white, and he was crying so much.

NELLY.

Crying? Why should he cry? (*With sudden joy, aside.*) Can it be? Oh, if it were he, if it could be, if it might be, if it were possible! (*Eagerly snatches locket from neck, opens it, shows it to CISSY very cagerly.*) Cissy, was he like this?

CISSY.

Why, that's my father's likeness, mamma!

NELLY.

Yes, was he like that?

CISSY.

(*After looking at it for a moment or two.*) Oh, no, mamma! The Silver King's hair is nearly white.

NELLY.

But the face, Cissy, the face?

CISSY.

(*Looking again.*) No, my father's face is quite young and happy, and the Silver King's face is so sad and old. No, the Silver King isn't a bit like that. (*Kneels by NELLY.*)

NELLY.

(*Shutting up locket.*) Of course not, I knew it was impossible! I was mad to dream of such a thing.

CISSY.

Mamma, it wasn't true, was it, what the school-girls used to say?

NELLY.

What, dear?

CISSY.

That my father had killed a man.

NELLY.

(*Aside.*) I can't tell her the truth, I will not tell her a lie!

(*Enter JAIKES at gate.*)

JAIKES. (*Panting breathless.*)

I couldn't catch him, missus.

(*CISSY goes up to gate and looks off.*)

I followed him right up to the station and the train had just started!

(*Whistle heard.*)¹

CISSY.²

Oh, Jaikes, that is a story! The train's only just started, for I heard the whistle and I can see the smoke. (*Points off R.*)³

(*NELLY goes up to gate, looks at JAIKES, who shuffles about and looks guilty and miserable.*)

¹ Off R.

² At gate looking off R.

³ Cissy runs off L. 3 E. and returns immediately with Ned they sit in arbour L. C.

¹ *At gate.*NELLY.¹

Why are you playing me false? Why don't you tell me the truth?

² *Down L.*JAIKES.²

(*Aside, very uncomfortable.*) It'll come out—it'll come out!

³ *Coming down R. C.*NELLY.³

Who is this man? Your uncle who died? This gentleman who gave the purse to Cissy, this unknown friend who sent me all that money from America—who is he?

JAIKES.

⁴ *Crosses R.*

How should I know? I hates folks as sends anenonymous letters—I'd string 'em all to the nearest lamp-post without judge or jury!⁴

NELLY.

Jaikes, I will take no more money from you, no more food, no more shelter till I know where it comes from. As bare and helpless as we came into this Grange, I and my children will leave it this very day and go out again to starve unless I know who it is that is loading me with all this wealth and kindness. Who is he, Jaikes? Who is he? Who is he, I say?

JAIKES.

Oh, missus, can't you guess?

⁵ *c.*NELLY.⁵

(*Frantically.*) Ah, I know it! I knew it! He is alive! Take me to him! Make haste! I cannot wait a moment! (*Catching CISSY and NED in her arms.*) Ned! Cissy! My darlings, kiss me, kiss me,—your father is alive!⁶ (*Kissing them eagerly, crying with joy.*)

⁶ *Music.*

PICTURE.

END OF SCENE II.

NOTE. When the piece is played in six acts the curtain falls here and the third scene becomes the first scene of the next act.

SCENE III.¹¹ Lights ½ up

(Front scene. The exterior of Coombe's Wharf, with gate leading into the wharf yard.)

*(Enter CRIPPS from yard looking round.)*²

² Enter C.

CRIPPS.

Now I wonder whether Father Christmas intends to turn up or whether I'm to be kept here all the night?

*(Enter COOMBE.)*³

³ R.

Oh, here you are!

COOMBE.⁴⁴ R.

My dear boy, I hope I ain't kept you waiting very long, my dear boy.

CRIPPS.

Yes, you 'ave, and the next time just you give me the straight tip and I'll go and get drunk instead of wasting my time.

COOMBE.

Where's the Spider?

CRIPPS.

He's just gone, and he wanted to know why the blazes you don't get somebody to look after this crib and let us in instead of keeping us hangin' about the place as if we was suspicious characters.

COOMBE.

I wish I could get hold of a likely party.

CRIPPS.

I thought you had got your heye upon a man—

COOMBE.

So I had, little Johnny Piper, the very man for the job.

CRIPPS.

Well, why didn't you have him?

COOMBE.

He got the clinch only last week—eighteen months. You see it's no good having anybody here as ain't got a unblemished character. We don't want to have the bluebottles come sniffing round here, do we?

CRIPPS.

Not likely!

COOMBE.

I suppose the Spider's comin' back?

CRIPPS.

Yes, he didn't seem much to relish the prospect of spending his time with me in your back-yard here, so he's gone off to his club—he said he'd be back here at ten.

COOMBE.

Ah! the Spider always keeps Greenwich time.

CRIPPS.

Yes, other folks' Greenwich time, when he can nobble 'em. Ah! the Spider's a deep 'un! He was never bred up on pidgin's milk, Spider wasn't.

COOMBE.

Spider's too grasping. We shall have to take him down a peg or two.

CRIPPS.

It's that viller residence of his what swallows up all our hard won earnings. Why, you and me might take viller residences if we liked, couldn't we?

COOMBE.

Yes, of course.

CRIPPS.

'And we could keep our cooks and buttons, and 'arf a dozen 'osses, and mix with the gentry if we felt so disposed, couldn't we?

COOMBE.

Yes, to be sure we could—but we don't.

CRIPPS.

No—'cos why? 'Cos the less we mix with the gentry the better—except in the way of business.

COOMBE.

Yes, Master Spider's a flying too high for us. You back me up to-night and we'll clip his wings a bit.

CRIPPS.

All right. I'll back you up. Come on inside.¹
(*Going in.*)

(DENVER *Enters*² *dressed as a ragged, shabby old porter.*)

DENVER.³

Here's poor deaf Dicky. (*Grinning to COOMBE.*)

COOMBE.

No! nothing for you to-night, Dicky!

DENVER.

Yes, guv'nor, find a job for Dicky. Poor deaf Dicky! Find a job for poor deaf Dicky, guv'nor!

CRIPPS.

Who the blazes is this cove?

COOMBE.

Oh, he's been knocking about here on and off for the last six months.⁴ He's handy to run errands and take letters to the sea captains that want to

¹ *Crosses R.*

² *R. 1 B.*

³ *Crosses to L. of Coombe.*

⁴ *Crosses to Cripps.*

buy my old iron, d'ye see? (*Winking and nudging CRIPPS.*) He's as deaf as a post, and he ain't quite right in his upper storey.

DENVER.

Don't be hard on poor deaf Dicky, guv'nor—give Dicky a job! Dicky run very fast and get back in no time. Find a job for poor deaf Dicky.

COOMBE.

(*Shaking his head vigorously.*) No! no! no!

DENVER.

Mr. Coombe shakes his head and says No! no! no! but Dicky says Yes! yes! yes! Poor Dicky, so hungry! Dicky hasn't had a job all day.

COOMBE.

(*Entering wharf.*) No no, I've got no jobs to-night.

DENVER.

(*Imploringly, stopping him.*) Dicky only wants a master to treat him kind and dry bread to eat and rags to wear—Dicky's so cold.

CRIPPS.

Well, be off and get what you want at the work-house, you forty horse power idiot!

COOMBE.

Oh, he's useful to me sometimes. (*Takes out money.*) There's a sixpence. Go and get some supper; and don't make a beast of yourself.

DENVER.

Thank you, guv'nor, thank you! Dicky do anything for you, guv'nor! Dicky very fond of you! Dicky likes—

COOMBE.

(*Pointing him off.*) Be off with you!

DENVER.

(Running off.) Dicky's got a sixpence! Dicky's got a sixpence!

CRIPPS.

(Looking after him.) He's as daft as forty blessed hatters. Come in, Father Christmas!

¹ *(COOMBE and CRIPPS go into gate.)*

*(The gate closes with a clang.)*²

DENVER.

Shut out! Shut out! Shall I never worm myself in? I must be mad to dream that ever I shall wring this man's secret from him; and yet he was in Geoffrey Ware's room that night! Let me think of that! Let me beat it into my brain. This man led me up those stairs—why? why? Oh, if I could but remember after that!³ No! no! All's dark! All's uncertain. To think that within a dozen yards of me, there is a man whose word might give me wife, children, home, all! All! And I stand here and can do nothing!

*(Enter CORKETT loudly dressed.)*⁴

CORKETT.

(Aside.) Now I wonder which is old Coombe's shanty? I know it's somewhere about here!⁵

DENVER.

(Sauntering by him in apparent carelessness and recognises him.) Geoffrey Ware's old clerk! What has he to do with this man? Can this be another link in the chain?⁶

CORKETT.⁷

(Aside.) I can see their little dodge. They mean to cut 'Enery Corkett. Spider's never at home when I call, and when I met him in Regent's Street

¹ *Music.*

² *Denver endeavours to follow them but door slams in his face.*

³ *Passing his hand over his forehead.*

⁴ *L.*

⁵ *Goes to R.*

⁶ *Crosses to extreme L.*

⁷ *R. C.*

the other day, he wouldn't so much as give me a friendly nod ; stared at me as if I was so much dirt. I ain't going to be treated like so much dirt, and I ain't going to be cut, or else I shall cut up rough. I'll just let master Spider see as 'Enery Corkett's as good as he is. Now I wonder where Father Christmas hangs out? (*Sees DENVER.*) Hillo ! I say, my good fellow !

¹ *Denver comes to him.*

DENVER.¹

(*Holding his hand to his ear.*) Eh?

CORKETT.

(*Aside.*) He's deaf ! (*Shouts.*) Can you tell me where I can find a party by the name of Coombe—a marine store dealer? Coombe !

DENVER.

Deaf Dicky got no home—got no friends.

CORKETT.

(*Aside.*) He's a blooming idiot ! (*Shouts.*) Well, find me a party by the name of Coombe. He lives in the Gray's Inn Road, and he's got a wharf somewhere down here—Coombe !

DENVER.

(*Nodding.*) Coombe ! Dicky knows Mr. Coombe ! White hair, red nose, spectacles, nice kind gentleman, good old gentleman !

CORKETT.

That's him ! A perfect beauty, old Coombe is. Where is he ?

DENVER.

Dicky mustn't tell. Dicky take message—give Dicky letter and sixpence and Dicky take it to Mr. Coombe—let Dicky take letter to Mr. Coombe.

CORKETT.

Oh, I see--caution's the word ! Father Christmas

don't want to be smelt out. I'll go into a pub and write a letter to Coombe and give it to this daffy to take, and then I'll follow him up and see where he goes. (*Shouts.*) Well, come on, old dunderhead, I'll give you a letter to take to him.

DENVER.

Thank you, thank you! Dicky take it to Mr. Coombe!

(*Exit CORKETT.*)¹

DENVER.

At last! At last! At last!²

(*Exit after CORKETT.*)³

END OF SCENE III.

SCENE IV.⁴

Interior and Exterior of COOMBE'S Wharf.

(*Discover COOMBE and CRIPPS.*)⁵

CRIPPS.

I say, let's have some wet. (*Lights pipe.*)

COOMBE.

Put a name on it.

CRIPPS.

Oh, beer, gin, rum, whisky, brandy, anything as has got some taste in it.

COOMBE.

I'll give you a wee drop of prime Highland whisky, my dear boy.

(*Exit at inner door.*)⁶

CRIPPS.

(*Shouting after him.*) Bring the jar while you are about it.

¹ R.

² Music.

³ R.

⁴ Lights ½ up.

⁵ Coombe and Cripps inside hut. Cripps seated at back of table Coombe standing L. of table.

⁶ L. U. R.

¹ R. 2 E.*(SKINNER Enters¹ outside and whistles.)*

The Spider!

*(Rises and goes to door, unlocks it, admits SPIDER, then closes door and relocks it.)*² Crosses to L.,
foot of table.SKINNER.²Well! *(Taking off gloves.)* Where is the venerable Coombe?³ Seats himself
at back of
table.CRIPPS.³

The venerable Coombe is getting this child some whisky.

SKINNER.

(Dropping his voice.) Between ourselves, I half suspect Mr. Coombe means to execute a double shuffle on his own account with those diamonds of Lady Blanche.

CRIPPS.

He'd better not try it on.

SKINNER.

Just so! You back me up and we'll get at the truth to-night.

CRIPPS.

All right! I'll back you up.

⁴ L. U. E.*(COOMBE re-enters⁴ with whisky jar and water jug and glass, which he sets down in front of CRIPPS who helps himself largely.)*⁵ L.COOMBE.⁵*(Cordially holding out his hand to SKINNER.)* My dear boy, I'm delighted to see you.⁶ L. C.SKINNER.⁶

Reciprocated, Mr. Coombe — there's something magical in the grasp of your hand. It's horny and damned dirty—what of that? It's honest! The

shake of an honest hand does me good. (*Takes out his handkerchief and wipes his hands behind his back.*)

(*Enter DENVER¹ outside with letter. Knocks at door. SKINNER puts out light.*)

R. U. E.

CRIPPS.

Who the blazes is that?

COOMBE.

(*Goes to door,² calls out.*) Who's there? Who's there?

DENVER.

(*Knocks.*) Poor deaf Dicky got letter for Mr. Coombe. Let Dicky in please.

COOMBE.

All right, Spider, it's only a deaf idiot that brings messages for me! (*Opens door.*)

(*SKINNER lights candle.*)³

DENVER. (*At door.*)

Letter, guv'nor. Gentleman wanted to know where Mr. Coombe lived. Dicky wouldn't tell him. Dicky wanted to bring letter and earn sixpence—gentleman give Dicky twopence, gentleman hadn't got any more.

(*He has been trying to enter but COOMBE stops at the door.*)

COOMBE.

All right! Give me the letter. Wait!

(*DENVER is coming inside. COOMBE shoves him out.*)

No, outside! (*Shuts door in DENVER'S face.*)

DENVER.

(*Outside.*) How long? How long?

² Door in central partition. Coombe goes behind table to door. Skinner drops down L.

³ Skinner sits L. of table.

¹ Coombe sits R.
of table.

COOMBE.¹

(*Opens letter.*) From the Duke of New York.

SKINNER.

Curse the fellow! To think how many good people die off every day, and yet that blackguard persists in living on.

² Denver is lis-
tening at door
till Coombe
opens same.

COOMBE.²

(*Reads letter.*) "Dear Father Christmas:—I'm cleaned out and I want a little of the rhino. You ain't treating me fair. I must see you to-night, so send me back a message by the idiot who brings this."

SKINNER.

(*Snatching letter.*) Tell him to go to the devil! Now, Coombe, sharp's the word! Let's get to business.

COOMBE.

I'll send off Deaf Dicky first.

CRIPPS.

(*Suddenly struck with an idea.*) Boil me down into mock turtle soup!³

³ Strikes table
with his fist.

SKINNER.

What's the matter, Cripps?

CRIPPS.

Why, the deaf chap would be just the man to keep this here crib.

SKINNER.

We ought to have somebody here. What's the fellow like?

COOMBE.

He's deaf and an idiot. The police'd never be able to get anything out of him, and he could never tell any lies against us.

SKINNER.

That's the sort of man we want. Bring him in !
Let's have a look at him.

(COOMBE opens the door and beckons DENVER in. He comes in grinning and touching his cap to SKINNER and CRIPPS)

SKINNER.

What's your name ?

(DENVER touches his cap and grins.)¹

What's your name ?

DENVER.²

(Nodding and grinning.) Yes, guv'nor !

CRIPPS.

What's your confounded name, you thick-headed hoddy-dod ?³

DENVER.⁴

He's round at the public house. Dicky go and fetch him, guv'nor ?

SKINNER.⁵

This man would be a perfect treasure in the witness box.

DENVER.

Dicky go there if you like, guv'nor.

SKINNER.

I should like to see him under cross-examination.

DENVER.

Dicky take him an answer ?

SKINNER.

(Shaking his head.) No answer. Listen ! You want work—don't you—WORK ! (Shouting.)

¹ Coombe works round back of table and sits L.

² R. C.

³ Shouting.

⁴ R. C.

⁵ At foot of table.

DENVER.

Work? Oh, yes, guv'nor! Dicky work very hard scrub the floor, run messages. Dicky do what you tell him.

SKINNER.

Coombe, this man is like you. He'll do anything for an honest living.

¹ L.

COOMBE.¹

Shall we have him?

DENVER.

Dicky be as faithful as a dog. Dicky follow you about everywhere and never leave you—never leave you.

² C.

SKINNER.²

The devil you won't! That would be rather awkward!

DENVER.

Give poor Dicky a chance, guv'nor.

SKINNER.

He's as safe as anybody we can get. All right, Coombe, give him a trial!³

³ Goes up R. of table.

DENVER.

What did you say, guv'nor?

SKINNER.

(*Indicating COOMBE.*) No, he'll tell you. I can't shout any more.⁴

⁴ Goes up behind chair R.

COOMBE.⁵

You can come here as porter and sleep on the premises. (*Takes a shilling and counts on his fingers.*) Look! Fifteen shillings a week—fifteen shillings!

DENVER.

Oh, thank you! thank you! Dicky so glad! so glad! so glad!

⁵ Crosses to R. shouting.

COOMBE.

(*Beckoning DENVER.*) Come this way, I'll show you where you've got to sleep. Sleep!¹

DENVER.

Dicky stay here always—Dicky very fond of Mr. Coombe—Dicky stay here always! Thank you, Mr. Coombe—thank you, too, sir! Thank you, too!

(*Exit at inner door,² after COOMBE.*)

SKINNER.³

(*To CRIPPS, taking out moulds.*) Cripps, I want you to make me some keys to fit these moulds.

(*Explains to CRIPPS in dumb show. Enter CORKETT outside.*)⁴

CORKETT.

That idiot's a long time gone. This was the place he went in at. (*Looks through the keyhole.*) There's a light inside. (*Knocks.*)

SKINNER. (*Puts out light.*)

Who the plague is that?

(CORKETT *knocks again, and whistles in peculiar manner.*)

CRIPPS.

It's that blessed Duke of New York.

SKINNER. (*Relighting.*)

You'd better let him in or else he'll kick up a row.

(CRIPPS *goes to door, unlocks it, admits CORKETT, who is very loudly dressed, outrageous tweed suit, eyeglass, crutch stick, white hat, light kid gloves.*

CRIPPS *locks door, leaving key.*)⁵

CORKETT.

How do, dear boys!⁶ Ah, Spider, old chummy! (*Waving his hand to SKINNER.*) Bless you, bless you!

¹ Coombs goes up stage round R. of table and off L. U. E. Denver follows him.

² L. U. E.

³ Skinner sits R. of table.

⁴ R. I E.

⁵ Cripps returns to his seat at head of table.

⁶ R.

SKINNER.

Bless yourself! Pray for some brains. What do you want here?

CORKETT.

L. s. d., especially the L.

SKINNER.

What have you done with that last twenty pounds?

CORKETT.

Blued it!¹

¹ *Crosses to L.*

SKINNER.

(*Looking at CORKETT'S clothes.*) You've been to my tailor's again, I see.

CORKETT.

Yes. Neat, ain't they? Told him to put 'em down to your account. Hope you don't mind it, dear boy!

SKINNER.

(*Venomously.*) Take care, you brute! You're nearly at the end of your tether!

² L. U. R.

(*Enter COOMBE.*)²

COOMBE.

(*Seeing CORKETT, shakes hands with him.*) Why, it's our young friend, 'Enery Corkett.

CORKETT.

Dear old Father Christmas!³

³ *Goes up and sits on bales.*

SKINNER.

Now, Coombe, have you stowed away your March hare?

COOMBE.¹

Yes, I've took him up to the cock-loft and give him some bread and cheese and left him. He seems happy enough.

SKINNER.

Then business sharp. Where's the money-box?

(COOMBE takes cash-box out of chimney, opens it and takes out money.)

CRIPPS.

How much?

COOMBE.

A hundred and eighty.

SKINNER.

Only a hundred and eighty for all that plate? I'd better have left it on Sir George's sideboard—I shall miss it the next time I dine with him.

COOMBE.

(Giving money to CRIPPS and SKINNER.) That clears Sir George's plate.

SKINNER.

(Pocketing money.) Right! (To COOMBE.) Now, my venerable chum, just one word with you about Lady Blanche's jewels—where are they?²

COOMBE. (Uneasily.)

Well, you see, my dear boy, I didn't like to leave them here and—and so I took 'em to my own place—my shop in the Gray's Inn Road. I thought they'd be safe there.³

SKINNER.

Now, Coombe, you're telling lies, you know. Lies! and setting a bad example to Cripps here!

¹ Sits L. of table

² Coombe shuts cash-box with a bang.

³ Coombe returns cash-box to chimney.

¹ *At top of table.*

CRIPPS.¹

Yes. Father Christmas, don't you try any hanky panky tricks with this child. You know me. Handle me gentle, use me well, fair and square, I've got the temper of a sucking lamb, haven't I, Spider?

SKINNER.

You have, Mr. Cripps, and also its playfulness and innocence.

CRIPPS.

But rub me the wrong way—come any dodge, try to do me out of my fair share of the swag, and then—! (*Brings fist on table with tremendous force.*)

SKINNER.

Then you have the ferocity of the British lion in mortal combat with the apocryphal unicorn. Now, Coombe, once more, where are Lady Blanche's diamonds?

COOMBE.

My dear boy, I've got a gentleman coming to see 'em next week—a gentleman from Amsterdam.

CRIPPS.

Damn Amsterdam!

SKINNER.

Never mind that, I want my property!

² *Up stage.*

CORKETT.²

(*Aside.*) There's a reward of a thousand pounds offered for them jewels, I'll have a cut in here!^{3 4}

³ *Comes down L.*

⁴ *Music cue.*

(DENVER *creeps on and hides behind bales and listens with great interest.*)

SKINNER.

Those jewels are worth six thousand pounds, and once more for the last time, where are they?

COOMBE.

Don't get into a temper, Spider! I tell you I may have a customer for 'em next week—we'll settle for 'em then!¹

¹ *Banging fist on table.*

SKINNER.

No, we won't settle for them then, we'll settle for them now!²

² *Banging fist on table.*

CRIPPS.

Yes, we'll settle for 'em now!³

³ *Banging fist on table.*

CORKETT.

(Joining in.) Yes, we'll settle for 'em now!⁴

⁴ *Banging fist on table.*

SKINNER.

(Turning sharply on CORKETT.) You infernal jackanapes, what business is it of yours?

CORKETT.

Every business of mine, Mr. Spider, look there! *(Turns out his pockets, shows they are empty.)* That's what business it is of mine! I mean to have fifty quid out of this!

SKINNER.

Oh, you do, do you?

CORKETT.

(Promptly.) If you don't give it me I'll let on about Hatton Gardens four year ago.

(DENVER starts violently and shows great interest.)

SKINNER.

(With deadly rage.) If you say half a word more—

CORKETT.

(Promptly.) Half a word more!⁵

(SKINNER seizes him by the throat, COOMBE seizes SKINNER.)

⁵ *Skinner seizes Corkett by the throat and throws him round R. into the arms of Cripps. Coombe, L., seizes Skinner from behind and restrains him.*

COOMBE.

(*Alarmed.*) Come, come, my dear boys, this won't do!

CRIPPS.

¹ R.

(*Holding CORKETT.*)¹ Stow it, Spider, stow it!

SKINNER.

I've given you rope enough, Mr. Corkett!

CORKETT.

(*Still held by CRIPPS.*) Don't you talk about rope, Spider! If it comes to hanging, it won't be me, it'll be you!

(*DENVER shows great interest. SKINNER tries to get at CORKETT. COOMBE interposes.*)

SKINNER.

Curse you, will you never give me peace till I kill you?

CORKETT.

Yes, as you killed Geoffrey Ware!

(*DENVER, no longer able to restrain himself, leaps up with a terrific scream of joy.*)

DENVER.

Ah! innocent! Innocent! Thank God!

ALL.

(*Turns round and sees DENVER.*) Who is it? Who is it?

DENVER.

² R.

Wilfred Denver! (*To CRIPPS and CORKETT, who are in front of door.*)² Stand from that door!

(*They do not move. DENVER flourishes crowbar—CRIPPS and CORKETT retreat down stage.*)

ALL.

(Overcome, helpless.) Stop him! Stop him!

DENVER.

Stop me! The whole world shall not stop me
now!

(Gets through door¹ and bangs it to.)

PICTURE.

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—SKINNER'S villa as in the first scene of Act 2, Night. Moonlight.¹

(Enter SKINNER with a lighted candle and bag by door.)²

SKINNER.³

Olive! (Pause.) Olive! Olive!

OLIVE.

(Outside.) Yes!

SKINNER.

Come down at once, I want you.⁴ (Takes jewel case and cash-box out of bag.) Now, have I got everything? Yes, I think so, everything worth taking. Coombe's private cash-box. (Taking a jemy from his pocket and prises cash-box open, takes out jewels.) As I thought—Lady Blanche's jewels! The old fox! The old sweep! I knew he meant to rob me. (Takes out a bag of money from cash-box.) Hillo, Mr. Coombe's private savings! That's lucky. They'll come in handy at a pinch. (Puts bag in his pocket.)

(Enter OLIVE.⁵ She is in a dressing gown and with her hair down as if newly aroused from sleep.)

OLIVE.⁶

What do you want?

Lights $\frac{1}{2}$ up.

Music to open.

¹ The stage set with cabinet fixed to flat, so as to draw off at change. Window curtain R. flat.

² L. crosses stage to door R. and calls off.

³ R.

⁴ Comes to chair C. sits.

⁵ Door R.

⁶ R.

SKINNER.¹

¹ L.

Shut the door.

OLIVE.

Herbert ! Something has happened. What is it ?

SKINNER.

The worst. That man Denver is alive.

OLIVE.

Alive ! No—Impossible !

SKINNER.

Yes, and has got on our scent. Knows everything.

OLIVE.

Have I not always said a day of retribution would come ?

SKINNER.

For Heaven's sake don't preach now. Listen to me, and if you make one mistake in carrying out my instructions, it's death and ruin to me. Now will you obey ?

OLIVE.

Oh, Herbert !

SKINNER.

No sermons. Will you do as I tell you ?

OLIVE.

You know I will—if it's to save you.

SKINNER.

You see all this ? (*Opens cabinet—puts all the jewels, etc., into it.*)

OLIVE.

Yes.

SKINNER.

While this is safe, I'm safe. If it's found, I'm ruined—you understand?

OLIVE.

Yes.

SKINNER.

(Locking cabinet and giving the key to OLIVE.)
There's the key. The moment I leave this house, take all that, sew it securely in your dress, walk to Lewisham, take the first train to Charing Cross and the morning express to Paris—go to the old address, I'll join you as soon as I can.¹ Remember what's at stake. If you find yourself watched or followed, get rid of it—burn it, plant it on somebody else, for Heaven's sake, don't be found with it on you. Don't write to me. Now, is that all? Yes, that's all.

¹ *Puts Olive to R. C.*

OLIVE.

I shall not see you again?

SKINNER.

Not for a week or two. Good-bye! *(Kisses her.)*

OLIVE.

Good-bye, Herbert. Take care!

SKINNER.

It's you who must take care. I can trust you, Olive?

OLIVE.

Yes, I will make no mistake. It shall not be found.

SKINNER.

Good girl! I shall make something of you yet.

(Whistle heard off)

Coombe! *(To OLIVE.)* Now be off. The moment the house is clear set to work.

*(Exit SKINNER.)*²

OLIVE.

Oh, Herbert, what am I doing for your sake?

(Exit OLIVE.)¹

(Enter SKINNER² followed by COOMBE, CRIPPS and CORKETT.)

COOMBE.³

My dear boy! What luck! Did you follow him up?

SKINNER.⁴

Yes, to a big place in Kensington Gardens; he's John Franklin, the millionaire. The Silver King!

COOMBE.

Well, what did you do, my dear boy?

SKINNER.

Cheeked it out, went into the place and asked for him—gave my name and was shown up.

CORKETT.⁵

And what did he say, Spider?

SKINNER.

He's just driven off into the country—Heaven knows why; but I got his address and I can put my hand on him when I choose.

CRIPPS.⁶

Yes, but can you stop his jaw?

SKINNER.

Yes, I can stop his if, I can stop yours! Now look here, you three—we are perfectly safe while we hold our tongues. There's not a fraction of evidence against us, and there never will be if we keep quiet. But the moment one of us opens his mouth, it's transportation for all of us. Now, do we stick together?

¹ Door R.

² Door L.

³ R. C.

⁴ R.

⁵ L. of Cripps

⁶ L. of Coombe.

CRIPPS.

Yes, of course we will, Spider.

SKINNER.

Right! Now there's not a moment to waste. Coombe, you go to your place in the Gray Inn's Road.¹ You may get a visit from the police to-morrow—be ready for them; destroy every scrap that could tell a tale. Sharp's the word—off you go!

¹ Coombe crosses to L., Cripps and Corkett gets round back to R.

COOMBE.

But the swag at the wharf?

SKINNER.

The swag is not at the wharf. It's safe. Now will you go?

² Door L., Skinner gets back to C.

(Hustles COOMBE off.)²

Now you, Cripps, you go to the Lawn, Kensington, and watch the house.

³ R.

CRIPPS.³

Whose house?

SKINNER.

Denver's—Franklin's, or whatever he calls himself—take the Moucher with you and send him to the Carr Lane Crib to report every three hours.

CRIPPS.

But the blessed swag—what about that?

SKINNER.

Don't I tell you the swag is safe?

CRIPPS.

Yes, but where is it? What do you call safe?

SKINNER.

I call a thing safe, Cripps, when that thing is in my possession and its whereabouts is known only to myself. Now the swag is safe in that sense.

CRIPPS.

That's all my eye!

SKINNER.

You shall have your share when the time comes.

CORKETT.¹

(*Aside.*) Yes, and I'll have mine.

SKINNER.

No words—(*To CRIPPS.*) Bundle off!

(*Shoves CRIPPS off.*)²

CORKETT.³

And what am I to do, Spider?

SKINNER.

You! ' It was your cursed blabbing that brought us into this infernal mess. Now I'll give you just one word of caution. If you ever open your mouth one single half inch, it's all up with you. If that Hatton Garden business comes to light—if it's ever known that Denver didn't do it, it will be known that Corkett did. We've made up our minds that if one of us has to swing for it, it'll be you. Now you're warned.⁵

CORKETT.

Oh yes, Spider, I'll take my davy I'll never mention it again.

SKINNER.

(*Taking money bag from pocket.*) Now if I let you have a sufficient sum, do you think you can manage to make yourself scarce for three months?

¹ L.

² Door L.

³ Dropping
down R.

⁴ L.

⁵ Sits L. C.

¹ R. of Skinner.CORKETT.¹

I'll try, Spider. I should like to go on the Continent if I'd got coin enough. I've got a pal in Amsterdam.

SKINNER.

Very well, I'll let you have fifty pounds.

CORKETT.

Fifty pounds! Oh, come, Spider, don't be stingy! Three months and they're sure to cheat me. I can't speak a word of Dutch. Make it a hundred and I'll be off slick to-morrow morning.

SKINNER.

I shall give you sixty and not a penny more. (*Begins to count out money--aside.*) Coombe's money comes in handy.

CORKETT.

(*Watching him, aside.*) That's one of old Coombe's bags. How did Spider get that? He must have brought the swag here.

SKINNER.

(*Giving him money.*) There you are, and don't reckon on getting any more from me. I've had just as much of you as I can swallow. There's a train from Liverpool Street to Harwich at eight o'clock. You'd better go by it.

CORKETT.²

All right, Spider, I'm off. Ta, ta.

(*Exit.*)³² Crossing to L.³ Left.

SKINNER.

I think I've shut his mouth for the time; but the moment he's spent the money he'll come back. Curse them, I won't trust any of them. Now let me see! Olive is safe! The swag is safe! Nothing

can touch me. The Grange, Gardenhurst, Bucks.
Now then for Mr. John Franklin.

*(Puts out light and Exit.)*¹

¹ Door L.

*(A pause. Enter BAXTER cautiously by window.)*²

² R. C.

BAXTER.³

³ C.

The light out. Which way did they go? He brought that stuff here. It must be in the house somewhere. Oh, if I could only nab you, Spider. To think that I know that that rascal has had his finger in every jewel robbery for the last ten years, and I've never been able to lay my hands on him. But I think I shall be one too many for you this time. There's some big swag about here to-night, and I don't leave this house till I've smelt it out.⁴
*(Hears footsteps and retreats to window.)*⁵

⁴ Goes towards
D. R.

⁵ R. C.

(Enter OLIVE.)

(Aside.) The Spider's wife!

OLIVE.⁶

⁶ Enters R.

They have left the house—now is the time. *(Goes to cabinet and unlocks it.)* Oh, how my heart beats. Courage—for Herbert's sake. Hark, who's that? Somebody at that window. Who can it be? *(Leaves cabinet open, stands back, touches BAXTER—screams.)* Who's there?

BAXTER.

Silence for your life.

(Struggles with OLIVE, who would scream out, but that BAXTER puts his hand over her mouth and hustles her off D. R.)

Who's this coming? Is it Spider? Steady, Sam, steady! *(Hides behind curtain)*

*(Re-Enter CORKETT.)*⁷

⁷ D. L.

CORKETT.

Spider's safe off. He's all right—the swag must

be here. He couldn't have carted it nowhere else. Now where's he put it? All's quiet—if I can only collar it I will make myself scarce. I'll go to the continent and enjoy myself. (*Knocks against cabinet.*) What's that? Why it's the blessed cabinet. Crimes! It's open! (*Feels inside.*) These are the cases! Here's a lucky squeeze. (*Takes jewel cases out, etc.*) Golly, here's all the blessed lot of it. Why it'll be a perfect little gold mine to me. (*Kneels down to look at jewels and stuffs them into his pockets quickly.*) I can be honest now for the rest of my life. After all, honesty is the best policy. (*Stuffs one case under his waistcoat.*) Won't old Spider be jolly mad when he finds it out. I'm off—my name's Walker!

(*During the latter part of CORKETT'S speech, LARKIN' a detective, has sneaked round from window.¹ As CORKETT rises and is going off² he confronts him. TABLEAU. CORKETT then turns to escape right and is met by BAXTER who pounces on him.*)

BAXTER.

No, it isn't! It's Corkett! I know you, you young blackguard. (*To LARKIN.*) Turn on the light.

CORKETT.³

Nobbled—Baxter—fourteen years!

BAXTER.

Now, my young friend, turn out. Let's see what's in your pockets.

CORKETT.

I've only got my handkerchief.

BAXTER.

Let's have a look at it.

CORKETT.

And a bunch of keys!

BAXTER.

Turn out—produce!

(CORKETT *begins to gingerly fumble about and produces nothing.*)

Now, will you hand over?

CORKETT.

Yes, sir. (*Produces a jewel case.*)¹

¹ From coat pocket.

BAXTER.

(*Opens it.*) The Honourable Mrs. Farebrother's rings. Stolen from her maid while travelling.

CORKETT.

I don't know neither her nor her maid.

BAXTER.

Fire away! The next!

(CORKETT *produces another.*² BAXTER *looks at it.*)

Hunt and Gask. Bracelets! Bond Street robbery last Autumn.

² From coat pocket.

CORKETT.

I can prove an alibi. I was in quod at the time.

BAXTER.

The next? Look alive! Here, I've got no time to waste. (*Taps CORKETT'S waistcoat where case is.*) What's this? (*Takes out case and looks at it.*) By Jove, Lady Blanche Wynter's jewels!

CORKETT.

Yes, I was just agoing to take 'em to her.

BAXTER.

I'll save you the trouble.

CORKETT.

There's a reward of a thousand pounds offered for them jewels.

BAXTER.

I'll save you the trouble of taking that too.

CORKETT.

I say, you know, I'll just tell you how this happened—now it ain't my fault, it's my misfortune—

BAXTER.

Oh yes, you're a very much injured young man. Now, my sweet innocent, you just come along nicely with me.

CORKETT.

Yes, so I will. I'll come like a lamb. But I say, you know, this ain't my swag—not a blessed bit of it. It's all Spider's.¹

BAXTER.

We'll talk about Spider by and by. Trot!

*(Exeunt all through window.)*²

END OF SCENE I.

SCENE II.³

SCENE :—*The Grange, Gardenhurst. As in Act IV. SCENE 2. Early Morning.*⁴

*(NELLY discovered at gate⁵ looking anxiously off.)*⁶

NELLY.

Make haste, Jaikes, make haste and bring him to me.⁷ What if Jaikes could not find him—or if Will would not come? Oh yes, he will—the train is whirling him to me. He is coming—he is coming!

*(DENVER and JAIKES Enter.⁸ DENVER sends JAIKES off.)*⁹

¹ *Baxter takes hold of Cor-kett by the collar and hustles him off R. C.*

² *Music.*

³ *Lights full up.*

⁴ *Music.*

⁵ *C.*

⁶ *R.*

⁷ *Comes down and sits on seat R. C.*

⁸ *By path R U. E.*

⁹ *L. U. E.*

DENVER.

(*To JAIKES, as they enter.*) Go round to the front and bring her to me.

(*Exit JAIKES.*)¹

¹ L. U. R.

(*At gate, sees NELLY.*) Ah, there she is. (*Aloud.*)

(*NELLY turning, sees him, does not recognise him for a minute—he holds out his arms and she drops gradually into them.*)

NELLY.²

² L. C.

Is it—my Will? My Will—this face—this white hair—my Will alive?

DENVER.³

³ R. C.

(*Clasping her.*) Nell! (*Kisses her hungrily—a long embrace.*)

NELLY.

(*Hysterically.*) Oh, Will—don't speak. Don't say a word. Only let me look at you. Oh, let me cry or else my heart will break. Don't stop me, Will. Ha, ha, ha! (*Sobbing and laughing in DENVER'S arms.*)

(*Enter JAIKES.*)⁴

⁴ L. 3 R.

JAIKES.

(*Aside.*) I can't find her nowhere—she ain't at home. (*Sees NELLY in DENVER'S arms.*) Ah, yes, she's at home at last. (*Creeping quietly off on tip-toe.*)

DENVER.

(*To JAIKES.*) Where are you going?

JAIKES.

I'm going to have a look at the weather, Master Will!

(*Exit JAIKES.*)⁵

⁵ L. 3 R.

DENVER.

¹ R.

(*Sitting on seat, NELLY at his feet¹ soothing her.*)
That's right, have a good cry and ease your heart.
Oh, Nell! Nell! I've such news for you—the best
news ever spoken. There is no other news—think
of it—I never killed that man, I am innocent!

NELLY.

Oh, Will, can it be so? Oh, Will, it seems to me
as if I were dreaming. I can only look in this dear
changed face and ask—"Is it true?"

DENVER.

Yes, my own. Do you think I am changed?

NELLY.

Yes, and no—changed and not changed—you are
always the same to me—you are always my Will!
You are not changed a bit.

DENVER.

Nell, our children—our little Ned and Cissy—
where are they?

NELLY.

I was waiting for you to ask that, I've been watch-
ing them all night. Come, we'll go and wake them.

² L. 3 R.

(*Enter JAIKES,² with the two children, one on each
side, dragging him by each hand.*)

JAIKES.

Gently—gently, missy—gently, Master Ned!
That's my old rheumaticky arm. Don't you pull it
out of joint, you young Turk.

DENVER.

(*Meeting children and taking them to seat, puts them
on his knees.*)³ Ned, Cissy, do you know me? I'm
your father that was dead—I am alive again and I
have come home to you, my brave boy, my dear little
girl; put your arms round my neck, both of you.
Quite, quite close—that's it, my darlings!

³ Cissy on R. knee
and Ned on L.
knee.

CISSY.¹

¹ R.

I know who that little girl was that you lost !

DENVER.

Well, tell me—who was she ?

CISSY.

Why me, wasn't she ?

DENVER.

Yes, I've found her now—I shall never lose her again.

CISSY.

No, we shall never let you go away again, shall we, mamma ?

NED.

But you are crying ?

CISSY.

And Jaikes, you too ? What is there to cry for ?

JAIKES.

Don't you take no notice of me, missy. (*Blubbering.*) I'm not crying—I'm only laughing the wrong way.

NELLY.²

² R. of seat.

Cissy, when you were a little baby and could just run about, you used to call somebody upstairs and down—all over the house—don't you remember ? Who was it ?

CISSY.

(*Hugging* DENVER.) Daddy !

JAIKES.³

³ C

Yes, missy, and I can remember when your daddy used to go toddling a calling "Jaikes" all over the house. Ah, Master Will, I can just remember your

great great-grandfather. I've seen five generations of you and I've never had a happier moment than this in all my life.¹

¹ *Nelly gets to back of seat.*

(*Enter SKINNER² looking anxiously round. His face is livid and his whole appearance betokens his intense anxiety.*)

² *By path R. U. E. stands at gate C.*

NELLY.

(*Sees SKINNER.*) Look, Will, that man!

DENVER.

(*Starts up, sees SKINNER—to JAIKES.*) Jaikes, take my children away!

³ *L. 3 E.*

(*Exit JAIKES³ with CHILDREN.*)

(*To NELLY.*) Go into the house, Nell. I will come to you when I have sent this man away.⁴

⁴ *Passes Nelly to L.*

NELLY.⁵

No, let me stay—I would rather stay!

SKINNER.

(*Advancing.*) Mr. John Franklin!

DENVER.

Denver, sir. (*To NELLY.*) Come, Nell, I have no business with this man!

⁶ *R. C.*

SKINNER.⁶

Mrs. Franklin, I hold your husband's life in my hands. If you value it, beg him to hear what I have to say.

NELLY.

Oh, Will, is it true? Are you in danger? Yes, let us hear what he has to say.

SKINNER.

What I have to say must be said to him alone.

NELLY.

Oh, Will, listen to him—for my sake!

DENVER.

Remain within sight, within call.¹ (To SKINNER.)
Now, sir!

¹ *Nelly L. exits*
L. 2 E.

SKINNER.²

² R. C.

Look here, Mr. Franklin!

DENVER.³

³ L. C.

Denver, sir!

SKINNER.

I thought I had better not mention that name—I
do not want to get you into trouble.

DENVER.

I'll take care you don't do that!

SKINNER.

(*Aside.*) He seems calm—he means mischief.
(*Aloud.*) You appear to misunderstand me.

DENVER.

Not at all! I understand you perfectly. I've
watched you night and day for the last five months.

SKINNER.

(*Whose self-confidence is shaken by DENVER'S cool-*
ness.) What do you know! What have you seen?

DENVER.

Enough for my purpose.

SKINNER.

And you mean to use it?

DENVER.

I do.

SKINNER.

Take care! I warn you, don't quarrel with me.
I'll give you a chance—if you're wise, you'll take it
before it's too late.

DENVER.

Go on.

SKINNER.

We are both in a devil of a mess. Why not make a mutual concession, silence for silence—you keep quiet on my affairs, I will keep quiet on yours—you allow me to pursue my business, I allow you to pursue yours.

DENVER.

And the alternative?

SKINNER.

You fight me—I fight you. You proclaim me a thief and get me a possible five or seven years—I proclaim you as a murderer and get you hanged. Take care, it's an edged tool we are playing with. It cuts both ways, but the handle is in my hands, and the blade towards you. You had better remain John Franklin—Wilfred Denver is dead—let him remain so.

DENVER.

You lie! Down to your very soul, you lie! Wilfred Denver is alive, and to-day all the world shall know it. (*Calls.*) Nell!

¹ *Enters L. 2 E.*

(NELLY¹ comes to him.)

There stands the murderer of Geoffrey Ware! He wants to bargain with me, shall I hide myself or shall I tell the truth to the world? Shall I make peace with him or shall I fight him? Give him his answer, Nell!

² *On L. of Denver.*

NELLY.²

You shall fight him!

DENVER.

You have your answer—go!

SKINNER.

I shall go straight from here and give information to the police that Wilfred Denver is alive.

DENVER.

Nell, send Jaikes to me.

(Exit NELLY.)¹

(Takes pocket-book and writes hurriedly, speaking as he writes.) "From Wilfred Denver, The Grange, Gardenhurst, Bucks. To Superintendent, Criminal Investigation Department, Scotland Yard. I surrender myself to take my trial on the charge of the murder of Geoffrey Ware, of which I am innocent, and I know the whereabouts of the real murderer."

(Enter JAIKES and NELLY from house.)²

Jaikes, take this telegram at once.

(BAXTER appears at gate³ speaks as he Enters garden.)

BAXTER.⁴

I'll take that. (Holds out his hand, takes the telegram from JAIKES, who is going towards gate.)

DENVER.

Baxter!

SKINNER.⁵

(Aside.) Baxter! Now for my chance! (Aloud.) Mr. Baxter, do your duty and arrest the murderer of Geoffrey Ware! (Pointing to DENVER.)

BAXTER.⁶

(Taking out handcuffs.) Very well, I will do my duty and arrest the murderer of Geoffrey Ware!

(Clasps the handcuffs on SKINNER, who is much surprised and drops his stick. Two detectives walk on.)⁷

SKINNER.

(Struggling.) What do you mean?

BAXTER.⁸

I mean that your dear friend Mr. Henry Corkett has turned Queen's evidence.

SKINNER.

And you believe him?

¹ L. 3 E.² L. 3 E.³ C. from R. U. E.⁴ Coming C.⁵ Down R.⁶ Moves towards Denver but turns sharply on Skinner who is advancing up stage and handcuffs him. Skinner drops down R.⁷ At gate C. from R. U. E.⁸ R. C.

BAXTER.

Oh, yes, I always believe what's told me—especially when it's proved.

SKINNER.

And what proof have you of this tale?

BAXTER.

The evidence of your other friends, Mr. Coombe and Mr. Cripps. Thanks to Mr. Corkett, I've bagged the lot of 'em and they all tell the same tale. Is that enough, Spider?

SKINNER..

The blackguards, hang the lot.

BAXTER.

Well, no. I think that may happen to you, but I fancy they'll get off.

¹ L.

JAIKES.¹

Oh, don't let 'em off, master. Hang the lot of 'em.²

² *Baxter advances slightly towards Denver, who has dropped with Nelly down L. Baxter raises his hat.*

BAXTER.

Mr. Wilfred Denver, I believe?

³ L. C.

DENVER.³

That is my name.

BAXTER.

I shall want you as a witness against this man.

DENVER.

I shall be ready to come when called upon; but I've no desire for revenge—my only wish is to clear my name.

⁴ R. C.

BAXTER.⁴

That is already done. (*Picks up SKINNER'S stick.*) Come, Spider, I want to catch the up train—I've got a call to make on Lady Blanche Wynter in town this morning.

SKINNER.¹*(Glancing at handcuffs.)* Is this necessary?

BAXTER.

(Giving him his walking-stick.) Well, yes, I think so, if you don't mind.² *(To DETECTIVES.)* Take care of him, Bob. *(Turns to DENVER.)* You've had a very narrow escape, sir. Good morning, sir.*(Exit SKINNER and TWO DETECTIVES followed by BAXTER. They go off gate.)*³

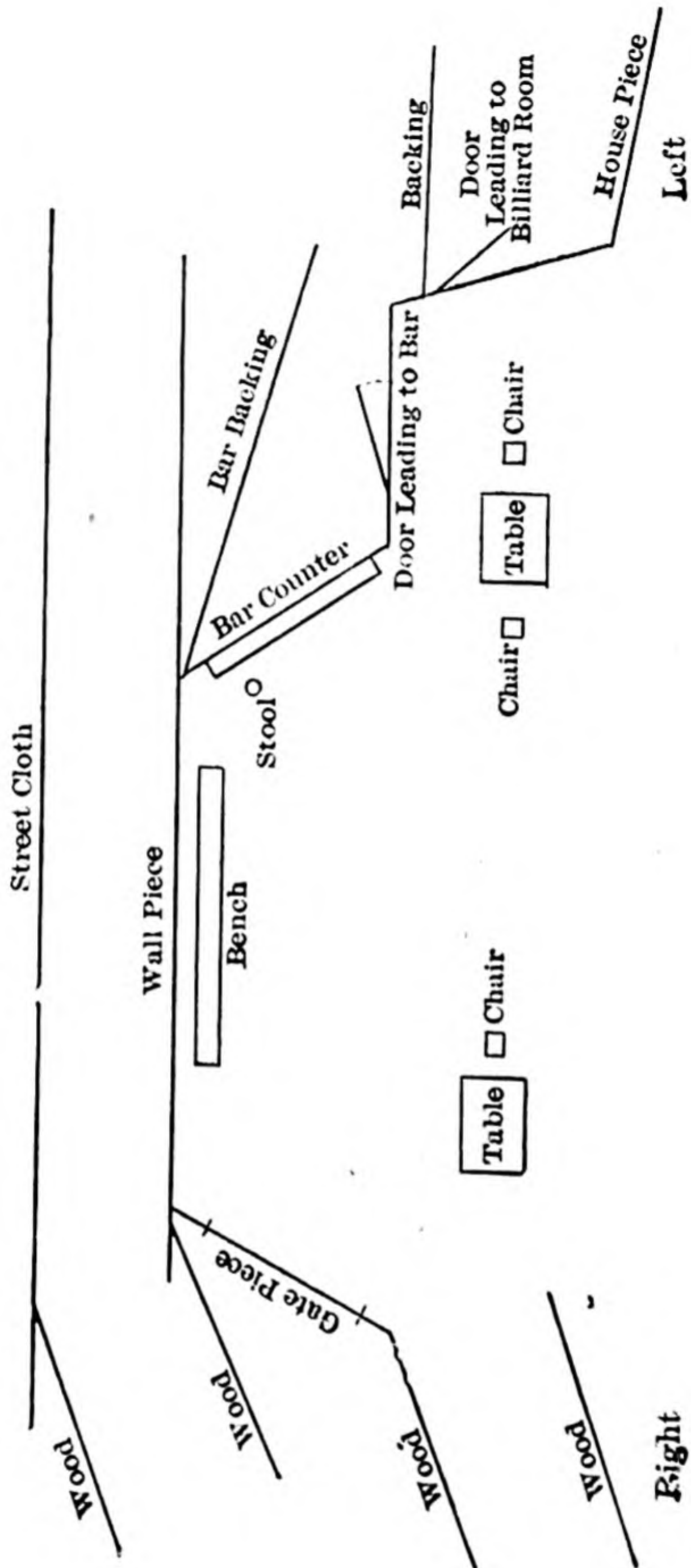
DENVER.

(As they go.) Good morning, Mr. Baxter!*(JAIKES goes off during the above and returns with the two CHILDREN.)*⁴Come, let us kneel and give thanks on our own hearth in the dear old home where I wooed you, and won you in the happy, happy days of long ago. Come, Jaikes—Cissy, Ned, Nell—come in—Home at last!⁵

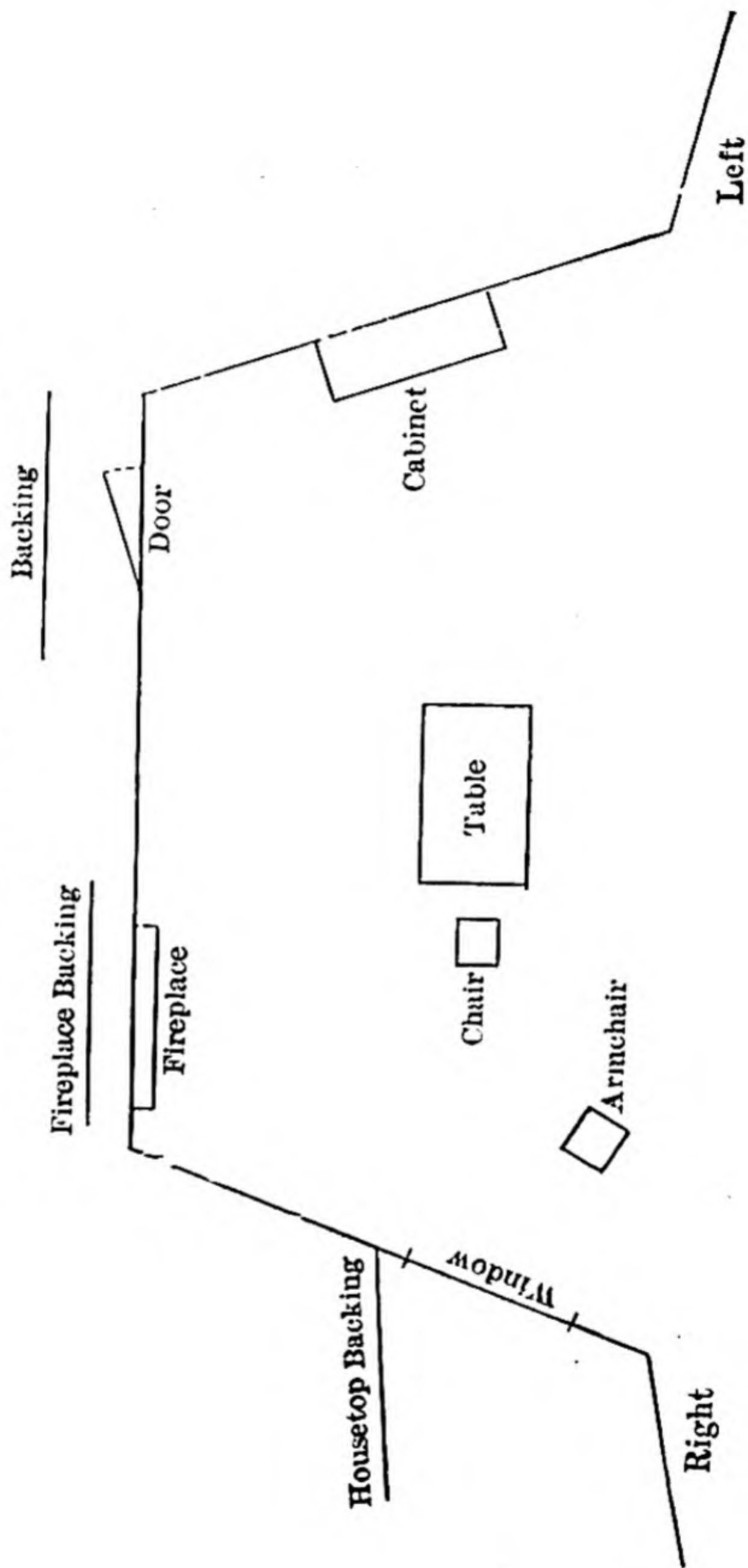
CURTAIN.

¹ R.² Skinner walks up stage.³ C. and round by lane R. U. E.⁴ L. 3 E.⁵ Cissy on Denver's R. Nelly on Denver's L. Ned on Nelly's L. Jaikes L.

ACT I. SCENE I. "THE WHEATSHEAF"

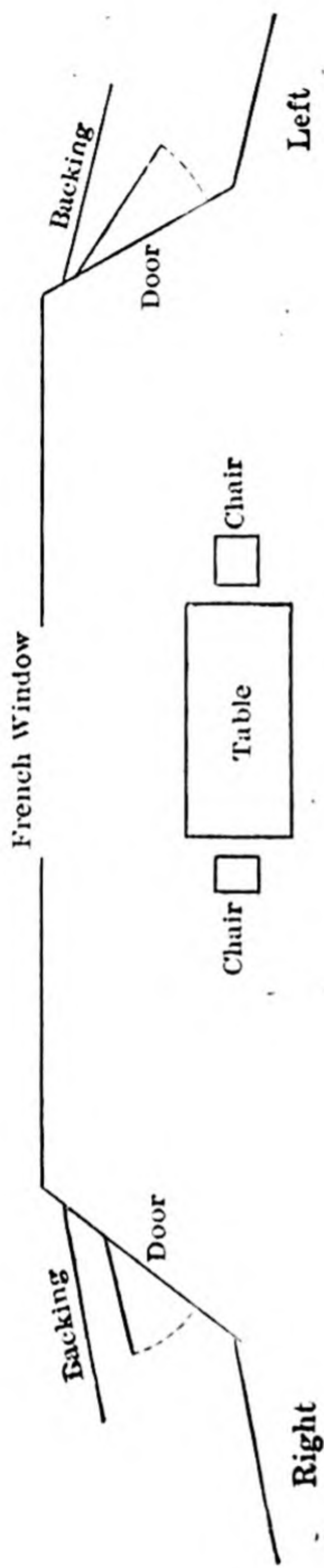


ACT I. SCENE III. GEOFFREY WARE'S ROOM



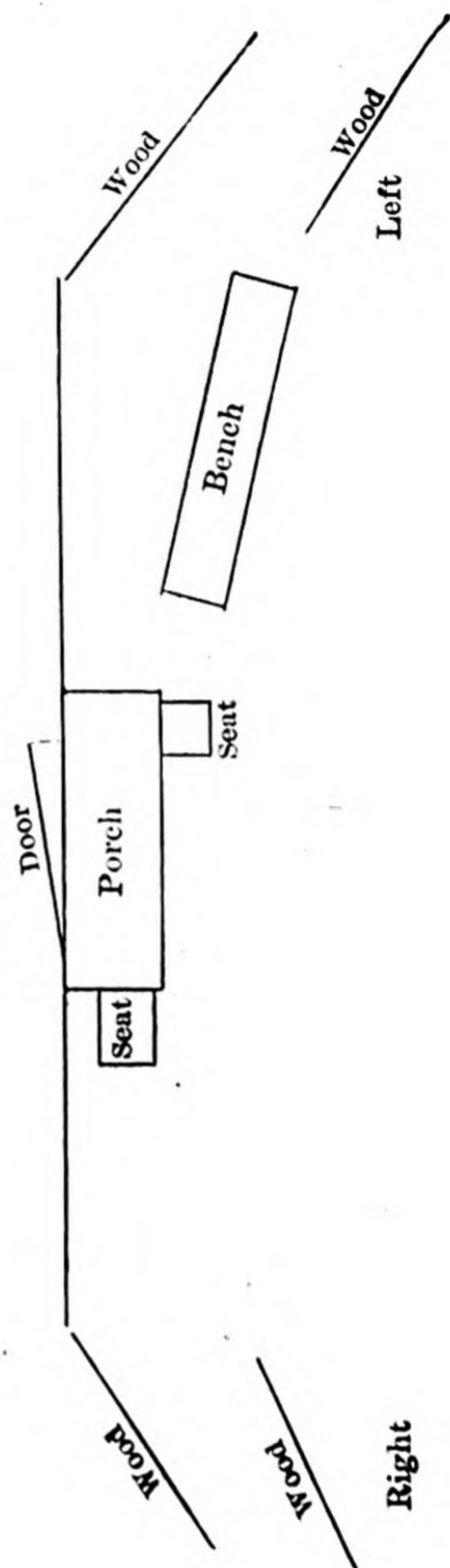
ACT II. SCENE I. DENVERS HOUSE

Backing

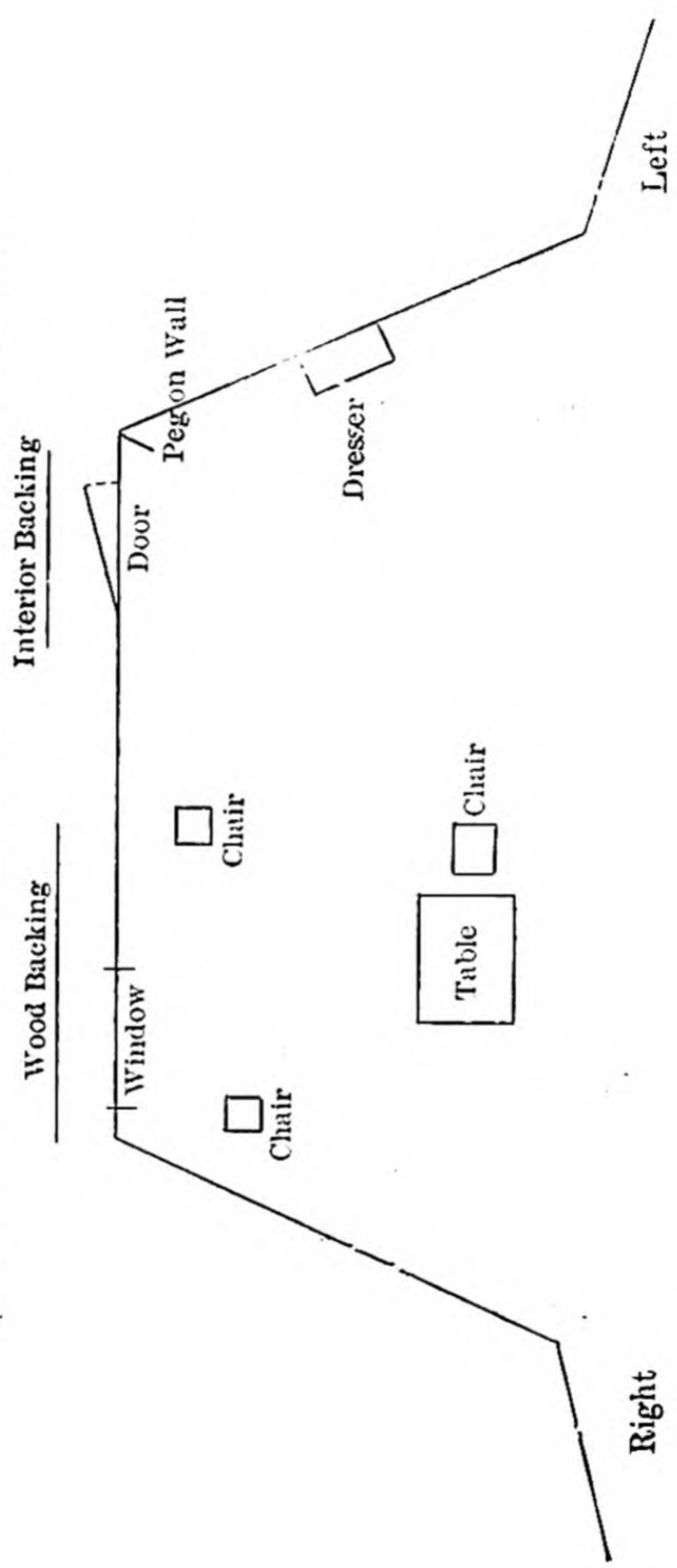


ACT II. SCENE III. EXTERIOR OF THE "CHEQUERS" IN 2

Interior Backing

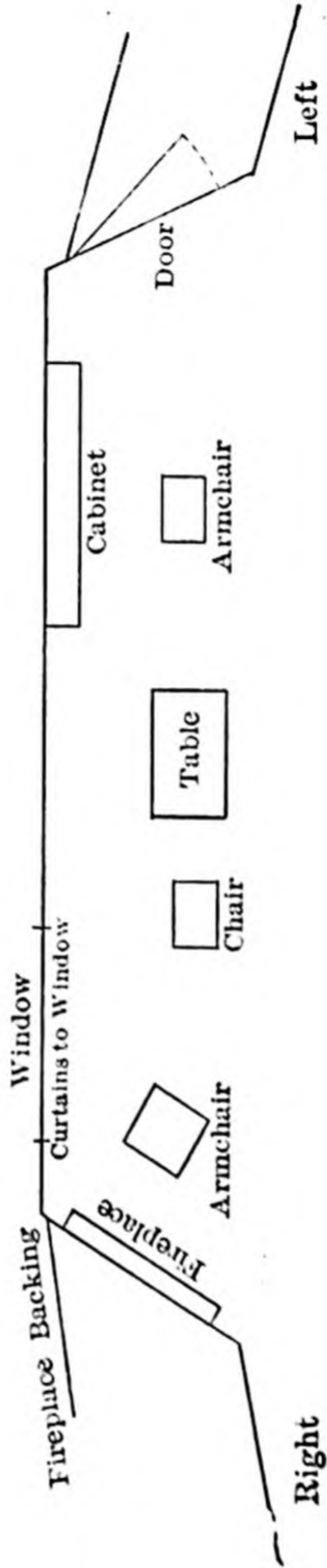


ACT II. SCENE IV.
INTERIOR OF THE "CHEQUERS" (AN OLD VILLAGE INN)

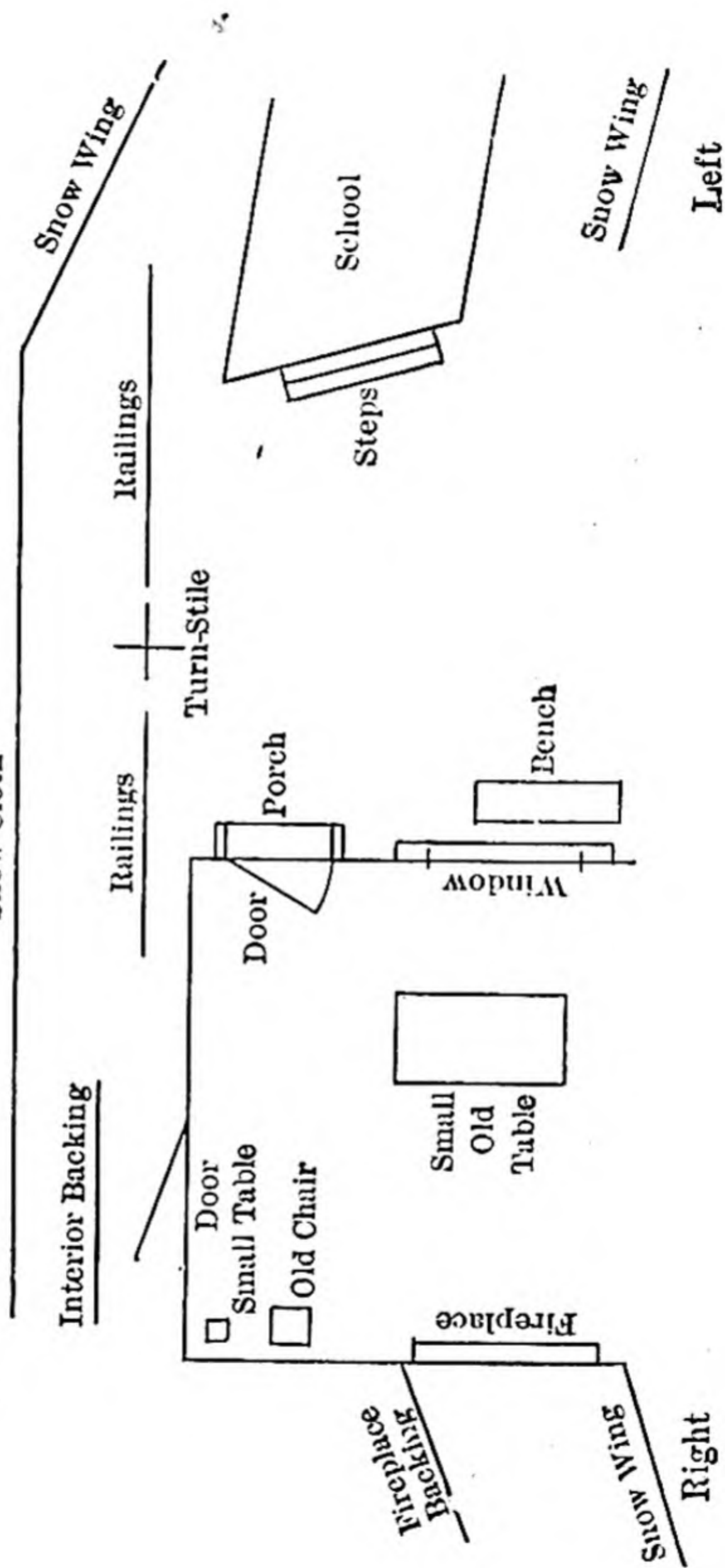


ACT III. SCENE I. "THE SPIDER'S VILLA"
This Scene is also Act V, Scene I, with a Door R instead of Fireplace

Snow Backing



Snow Cloth



1900

Garden Gate

Fence

Arbour

1000 M

pool

Tree ○

Garden Seat

**Flower
Set Piece**

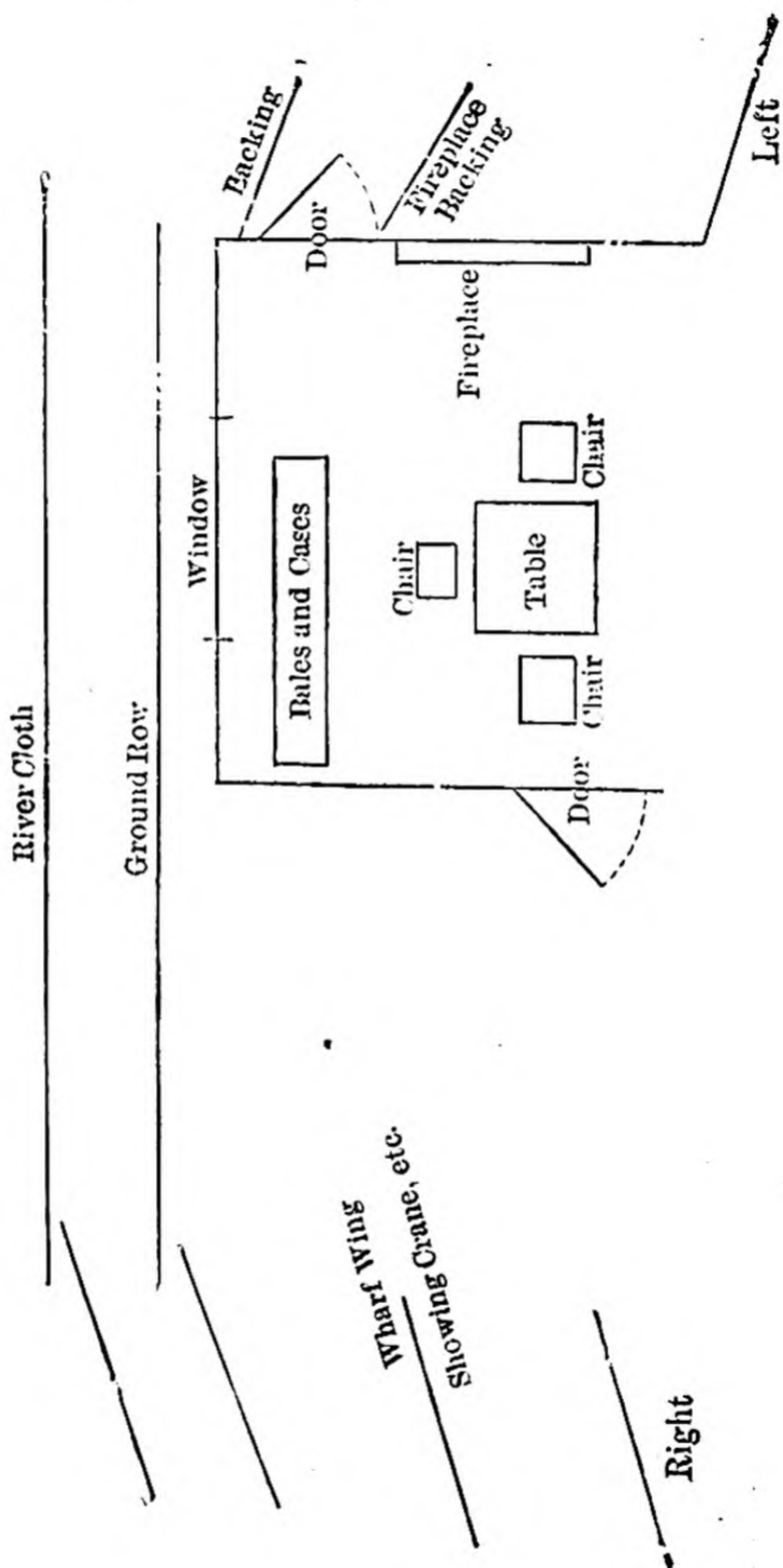
Wood

Right

Wood

Left

ACT IV. SCENE IV. INTERIOR OF WHARF



THE SILVER KING

SCENE PLOT.

ACT I.

Scene 1—Street cloth in 5. Wall piece in front of same. Gate piece R. 3 E. Wood wings in 1 and 2. House and Bar L. Wood Borders.

Scene 2—Street cloth in 1.

Scene 3—Oak or Dark Chamber in 3. Sash Window R. 2, E. practical to open up 3 ft. off stage. Fireplace R. C. Door L. C. Plain piece L. Chamber borders. House Top backing to window.

ACT II.

Scene 1—Fancy Chamber in 2. Practical windows to open on ground C. Doors R. and L. Conservatory backing to window. Chamber borders.

Scene 2—Railway Cloth in 1. Dark backing to opening, R. C.

Scene 3—Exterior of Chequers. Set in 2. Porch C., to fly off on lines and cloth to rise at change of scene. Wood borders. Wood wings.

Scene 4—Plain or Kitchen chamber in 4. Window R. C. Door L. L. C. Village cloth to back window.

ACT III.

Scene 1—Fancy chamber in 3. Door L. Window R. C. Fireplace R. Snow backing to window. Chamber borders.

Scene 2—Cottage set R. Snow cloth in 5. Snow wing R. Cut Border in 2. Railings at back L. School piece L. 3 E. Stile L. C. Snow wings 1 and 2 L. Snow Stage cloth down. Sky borders,

ACT IV.

Scene 1—Library cloth in 1.

Scene 2—Grange set. Stage cloth down. Grange cloth in 5. Cut wood in 3. Railings and gate across stage C. Wood borders. Wood wings 1, 2 and 3 R. and L. Arbour piece and seat L. up stage. Tree R. C.

Scene 3—Wharf cloth in 1. Sky borders.

Scene 4—House Piece set L. Wharf cloth in 5. Wharf wing

THE SILVER KING

L. and two Wharf wings R. Wall piece across stage R.
Cut border in 2.

ACT V.

Scene 1—Fancy chamber 2. Doors R. and L. Window R. C.
Chamber borders.

Scene 2—Repeat Scene 2 Act 4.

PROPERTY PLOT.

ACT I.

Scene 1—Two round iron tables, 1 long wooden table, 1 form,
4 wooden chairs, 3 high stools, 4 white wine glasses, 4
green glasses, 4 champagne glasses, 4 tumblers, cork-screw,
water bottle, 3 cigar boxes, small tray, plenty of bottles, 3
small mugs, clay pipes, matches in match trays, 6 cigars,
banknotes for Corkett, 2 glass cloths, champagne bottle
with ginger ale in same, revolver for Denver, small cane for
Corkett, plenty of newspapers.

Scene 2—Nothing.

Scene 3—Dark furniture, 3 chairs, large round table on casters,
large cover on same, arm-chair. R., bookcase L., fireplace,
clock, fire-irons, fender and mat to same, ornaments, on
mantel-shelf R. candle in brass candlestick, table under
window R., cover and books on same, lighted lantern, two-
foot rule, box of burglars' tools, two loaded revolvers,
knocker and bell off stage, L. C., plan for Cripps, chloro-
form pad for Spider, small phial, carpet and rugs.

ACT II.

Scene 1—Square table C., with cover, 4 chairs, portmanteau,
bag of coins, curtains to window C., revolver for Denver,
knocker in prompt entrance, carpet and rugs. (Dress stage
with fancy table plants, etc.)

Scene 2—Bundle of papers (newspapers).

Scene 3—Small tray, 2 glasses, Daily Telegraph, 2 long pipes,
glass cloth, ivy for porch, rustic bench.

Scene 4—Square table C., chairs R. and L. at back, time table
hung on scene at back L., cloth on table, plate, knife and
fork, small tray, jug of water and glass, newspaper, dish,
loaf of bread, gong-bell, toast, parsley.

THE SILVER KING

ACT III.

Scene 1—2 arm-chairs, 1 small chair, small table, fancy book, curtains to window R. C., mats for door, pipe for Cripps, work basket, book, newspaper.

Scene 2—Small round table, 1 old chair, small basket, sack with paper and coke, box of matches, organ off stage L., 5 small packets, loaf of bread, coin for Jaikes, purse of coin for Olive, purse of coin for Denver, cake for child.

ACT IV.

Scene 1—Pocket-book and card, also cheque for Baxter, bank note and pocket-book for Denver.

Scene 2—Garden seat with arms R. C., 2 garden chairs, bunch of flowers, locket for Nelly, plants and flowers.

Scene 3—Large key, cigarette for Corkett.

Scene 4—Stone bottle and 2 tin cups, cash-box in fireplace, 3 packets of coin in same, crowbar, bales of goods, candle in old candlestick, 3 wooden chairs, old table, box of matches, wax moulds, letter for Denver.

ACT V.

Scene 1—Black bag, 3 jewel cases, cash-box, bag of coin, burglars' tools, lighted candle in brass candlestick, 1 chair, cabinet at back of scene, lighted lantern.

Scene 2—Repeat Act 4, Scene 2. Handcuffs.

GAS PLOT.

ACT I.

Scene 1—Full up.

Scene 2—Three-quarters up.

Scene 5—Down low to open. To work with candle.
Fire to light.

ACT II.

Scene 1—Full up. Bunch at window. R. C.

Scene 2—Full up.

Scene 3—Full up.

Scene 4—Full up. Bunch at window. R. C.

THE SILVER KING

ACT III.

Scene 1—Full up.

Scene 2—Full up.

Fire to light at cue R. H.

Bunch or strip at back of cloth.

ACT IV.

Scene 1—Full up.

Scene 2—Full up. Bunches in wings R. and L.

Scene 3—Half up or Green foots.

Scene 4—Half up or Green foots.

Borders half up or Green.

Green length behind wall.

ACT V.

Scene 1—Down to begin work with candle and lantern.

Scene 2—Full up. Bunches in wings R. and L.

NOTE.—*All changes made in darkness.*

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